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HE G.O.P.
AS TWO FACES
— p.18

Why Girls Can't Throw — Steve Sailer

NATIONAL REVIEW

De-Assimilation, California Style

Scott McConnell
Diana Hull

Asian Virtues, Oriental Vices

Milton Friedman
William McGurn

God and Man at St. Grottlesex . . . and Yale

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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50 Who started the Cold War, how, and why did it end? *We Now Know*, according to the title of a new book by Professor John Lewis Gaddis, the dean of Cold War historians, who himself has recovered from a spell of revisionism. **Peter W. Rodman** applauds. . . . After reading Steven Pinker's Darwinian tome *How the Mind Works*, **Daniel N. Robinson** can at least now speculate authoritatively on how Steven Pinker's mind works. . . . Critics are indignant, the public loves it, but **James Gardner** can only sigh that in *Cold Mountain* Charles Frazier writes the way novelists write when they want to sound like novelists—which isn't quite enough. . . . **Andrew Stuttaford** enjoyed Daniel Pipes's *Conspiracy: How the Paranoid Style Flourishes and Where It Comes From*, but wonders just why Pipes wrote it. . . . As a movie reviewer, **John Simon** hates the Christmas season, and *Titanic*, *Amistad*, and *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* remind him why. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** counts Verdis (two) and Beethovens (several).

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Cover illustration by Carlos Torres

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LETTERS

Wormy Situation

Jonathan Leaf's "Rotten Apples" [Dec. 8] hit the nail on the head. The problem now is, what to do with a school system where teachers are incompetent and themselves lack a real education? Unless public-school teachers, most of whom are required to have education degrees, are held accountable for their abilities in traditional academics, there can be no improvement. That is, of course, so long as "traditional" is not deemed oppressive.

Ryan Riggs
Ryan_Riggs@classic.msn.com

Government education has not failed. It has succeeded far beyond the hopes of its intellectual forebears, Roger Owen, Abram Combe, Roger Dale Owen, Horace Mann, and John Dewey, who believed that the most effective way to impede the spread of Christianity and advance the spread of socialism was to not teach children to read, write, and reason. In 1992, the Department of Education commissioned the largest survey of adult literacy ever undertaken, according to which half of all adults, and nearly 80 per cent of black adults, are barely literate. The Executive Summary to *Adult Literacy in America*, the survey report, states: "Today we are a better educated and more literate society than at any time in our history," and "the majority of adults who demonstrated limited skills describe themselves as reading or writing English well." In other words, everything will be fine so long as the illiterati feel good about themselves. Government schools shouldn't be reformed, they should be eliminated.

J. Michael Brown
Tulsa, Okla.

In 1992, I attended graduation ceremonies at a medium-size Western public university. When the School of Education was introduced, the members stood up, cheered, and unfurled a large banner reading: "TEACHERS: AMERICA'S FUTURE!" The banner was upside down.

Thomas A. Locker
Bishop, Calif.

Held in Contempt

Kate O'Beirne's "Bread & Circuses" [Nov. 24] hit the bull's-eye. From my experience in the Air Force, the contempt current civilian "leaders" have for their troops is palpable throughout the armed forces, causing, I believe, the current lack of morale and readiness. History shows that we can expect to pay for this negligent folly in blood (the Somalia debacle is already on the books). To borrow an aviation phrase: "The master caution light is ON!"

Robert Liebman
mlcrow@classic.msn.com

The Cold-Warrior

In 1984 I was a serviceman driving through Eastern Europe. I went on my own, stayed in black-market rooms, and hung out at local dives. Dinesh D'Souza's "How Reagan Won the Cold War" [Nov. 24] reminded me of an incident in Prague. I was in a bistro, treating an old man who had rented me a room, when several younger men, learning I was American, started chanting "Reagan good, very, very good." I mentioned that I didn't vote for him, and that I didn't agree with all his domestic policies. They replied: "What are you waiting for, the next Jesus Christ?" They turned their backs and didn't speak to me again. "Very good Czechs," said the old man.

Steve Curtis
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tracking Trade

Your analysis of the defeat in the House of President Clinton's request for "fast track" trade-negotiating authority ["Off Track," Dec. 8] lived up to its title. Clinton was not defeated by Democrats alone, who remain a minority in Congress. Credit goes also to the 65 to 70 Republicans who would not be stampeded into endorsing Clinton's failed policy, including some of the most conservative House members.

The trade deficit has increased every year under Clinton. In manufacturing, for every $2 of new exports, Americans have lost $3. The transnational corporations don't care about national gains or losses, only about their bottom lines. They filled the halls with lobbyists pushing for "fast track." Calls from average citizens—especially those on the right—ran heavily against the proposal.

Based on non-discrimination, "global" agreements give no particular advantage to American exports. When Clinton revised the semiconductor agreement with Japan, he opened it to any country with such an industry. The European Union and South Korea immediately jumped in. As a Woodrow Wilson liberal, Clinton squanders America's strength because he doesn't think it's proper to seek national advantage. The airy "free trade" theory is irrelevant; all political debate is about whose interests are served. The duty of national governments is to control the distribution of resources to maximize the power of their territorial communities. True conservatives support the national interest. There are other names for those who would sell out the country for private gain.

William R. Hawkins
Burke, Va.

We share Mr. Hawkins's concern for the national interest; we just don't think that imports harm it, or that trade taxes promote it. There is also a name for the idea that governments should "control the distribution of resources," and that name is not conservatism. —ED.

The China Myth?

Robert A. Manning and James Przystup ["Clinton's Inscrutable China Policy," Dec. 8] have bought into the myth of Communist statistics, and thus grossly overestimate China, both as an opportunity and as a threat. My 1991 *Economist* diary informed me that in 1989, East Germany was richer per capita than the UK. We now know this to be false, and yet we continue to believe the 10 to 12 per cent growth rates for China, and to believe that central planning there is somehow immune to the problems sweeping quasi-capitalist East Asia.

Following the liberalization of agriculture in 1978, China indeed experienced economic growth, though it was largely a "dead-cat bounce" of an economy ceasing to starve its people. But the hailed growth rates claimed in the last decade cannot be correct. Growth was largely concentrated in Guangdong, which represents 5 per cent of China. A 10 per cent growth rate in China as a whole would require growth in Guangdong of 50 per cent, a rate not achieved since the Biblical loaves and fishes.

What has taken place in China is a huge speculative bubble. The Hong Kong stock market is a screaming short, foreign investment in China is money down the drain, and the only current importance of China is as a fairly serious military threat. In an ideal world, it would be dealt with as was the Evil Empire, and China could begin the painful transition of Eastern Europe.

Martin Hutchinson
Peekskill, N.Y.

'Tis the Season to Be Jolly

Lots of great laughs again with Florence King ["The Misanthrope's Corner," Dec. 8]. My new bumper sticker will read "It takes only one child to raze a village." (My grandchildren just left after a lovely visit.)

Cora Wolfe
Tacna, Ariz.

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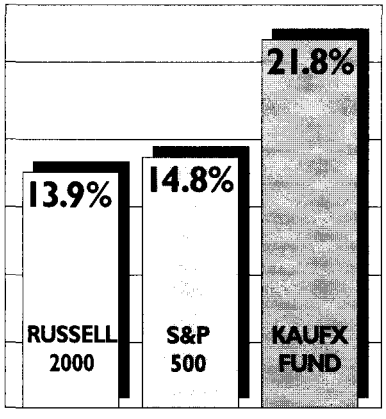

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FROM THE EDITOR

Second Thoughts

■ Scott McConnell's cover story describes a problem which American conservatives have been assiduously explaining away—the failure of many immigrants to assimilate in the old way.

The usual evasion runs: "Look at them. They wear jeans, drink Coke, eat Big Macs, and dance to rock—obviously they're Americans." Highly reassuring, I suppose, except that even modified reassurance is undermined by a recent study of 5,000 San Diego immigrant students.

Ruben Rumbaut of Michigan State University discovered over a three-year period that although the students assimilated to American mass culture (jeans, Coke, etc.), they did not undergo "patriotic assimilation," that is, assuming an American identity and making the American story their own.

Mr. McConnell takes this a stage further. He points out that under the influence of multiculturalism, American-born students are now adopting ethnic identities and rejecting the American one.

In short—a new problem for establishment conservatives to explain away.

■ I have been following the political obituaries of Vaclav Klaus, the Czech Prime Minister, with some interest.

The Left, of course, attributed his fall to the free market "shock therapy" he allegedly administered—what the *Washington Post* described as "an absolutist vision of unfettered capitalism."

In fact it was the Polish economy that was treated to shock therapy (by then–Finance Minister Leszek Balcerowicz), and it is doing rather well.

The Right was nearer the mark; it pointed out that too many of these unfettered capitalist "reforms" consisted of half-measures—notably, the failure to restructure overmanned industries which, though nominally privatized, in effect remained in government hands.

Neither Left nor Right noted that the Klaus government's problems began as a result of its imposing a fixed (and overvalued) exchange rate. The *Washington Post* pointed to the classic effects of such a policy—"exports slumped even as Czechs went on a buying spree"—but failed to notice the policy itself.

I remember this because a few weeks before the Czech crown fell out of bed, I asked a Czech Minister visiting New York why a free-market government had adopted the currency price-fixing that had ruined so many countries.

"But you American conservatives favor fixed exchange rates," he said, hurt. "It's your advice we are following."

"Not NATIONAL REVIEW," I replied. "You must mean . . ."

But I shall leave the guilty men to examine their own consciences.

■ Not coincidentally, the current *Forbes* asks the Nobel laureate, Milton Friedman (whom God protect—see page 36), how he explains the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page's commitment to fixed exchange rates. His reply:

"You got me! I think that's just an aberration. My God, how the hell can they stick with that? They've just got an *idée fixe* about it. Like they've got on immigration. It's just obvious that you can't have free immigration and a welfare state."

Remember, you read it here second.

■ In *Reason* magazine, Nick Gillespie reveals another scandal in the Justice Department. (You have to admit they certainly burn the midnight oil there.)

House Judiciary chairman Henry Hyde (Republican, whom God protect, of Illinois) recently tacked onto a Justice appropriations bill a provision that would force the feds to pay reasonable attorney's fees to acquitted defendants.

The scandal lies not only in the fact that Janet Reno is urging the President to veto it, but also in the justification her department employs: namely, that the feds might not then prosecute weak cases.

As Gillespie points out, this is an argument *for* the "loser pays" system. Alas, this argument might not sway Mr. Clinton. After all, the case against him is not weak. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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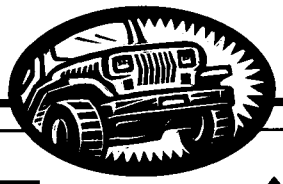

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FOR THE RECORD

■ In Harvard speech, House Minority Leader **Dick Gephardt** sets off intra-Democratic firestorm by dissenting from **Dick Morris**'s vision for his party: "Too often, our leaders seem enamored with small ideas that seem to nibble around the edges of big problems. There's a dangerous vacuum where principled politics should be." New Democrat Rep. **Tim Roemer** (Ind.) soundbites back: "If the strategy is one of moving to the left, we've had that debate—it was called the 1994 Republican landslide." Rep. **Cal Dooley** (Calif.) issues not-so-veiled threat: "It's going to be difficult for him to attack the Vice President and at the same time remain leader of the Democrats in Congress. He's going to have to be a little more careful with his rhetoric." White House press secretary **Michael McCurry** huffs, "1998 may have fallen out of Mr. Gephardt's calendar book, but it's surely in the President's." But other Democrats rally to Gephardt. Says Rep. **David Obey** (Wisc.): "It was a terrific speech. Our party cannot win by being bloodless, by being tactical."

■ In editorial titled "Whoops, More Evidence to Ignore," *New York Times* editorializes on **Clinton–Gore** fundraising scandal that "the evidence that has oozed so far from an obstructionist White House is compelling enough to have persuaded any modern Attorney General other than Ms. [**Janet**] **Reno** to start acting like an aggressive federal law-enforcement official." It concludes, "You have to wonder whether even Ms. Reno, when she is alone with her thoughts in the late watches of the night, does not worry about what else is going to ooze out of the White House evidence closet." . . . Best Line of Fortnight Award goes to Sen. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.), who said of FBI director **Louis Freeh**'s support, contra Janet Reno, for independent counsel: "The Justice Department cannot survive half-slave and half-Freeh." . . . Worst Political Analysis Award also goes to Specter, for suggestion that Republicans' rejection of **Bill Lann Lee** for civil-rights post risks repeating **Bob Dole**'s fatal 1996 error: trying too hard to appease Right. . . . McCurry says of Lee, "We've been trying to get the Senate to wise up. We're trying to give them a chance to do the right thing, as opposed to the stupid thing." . . . Speaking of Dole, he's said to share Sen. Specter's view of his campaign, angry especially about implacability of pro-lifers. "I guess he would have won if he'd been able to put that 'declaration of tolerance' in the right section of the platform," one social conservative lobbyist retorts.

■ Top issue for business lobbyists in 1998: labor shortage, predicted in these pages by **Alan Reynolds** (Oct. 24, 1994). . . . Conservative businessman **Darrell Issa**, who helped rescue California campaign against race and gender preferences at critical moment in 1995, jumps into GOP race to oppose Democratic Sen. **Barbara Boxer**. Primary foes: liberal San Diego mayor **Susan Golding**; State Treasurer **Matt Fong**, pro-abortion and wobbly on preferences. Is Fong feeling Issa's heat? In press release, Fong says, "I am not a bored millionaire looking for a new hobby." . . . In Fox News/Opinion Dynamics poll, 37 per cent of registered voters say "evangelical religious organizations are worse for the country than mainstream religious denominations," 21 per cent say they're better. Even among "born-again" Christians there is plurality for "worse." . . . *El Nueva Dia*, Puerto Rico's largest and oldest newspaper, files suit charging Gov. **Pedro Rossell** has tried to suppress it.

"Humbug."

■ American Medical Association recommends that Federal Government fund research into medicinal uses of marijuana and not restrict researchers' access to supplies of it. . . . Center for Individual Rights, public-interest law firm leading charge against preferences, sues University of Michigan. . . . **Marta Limbaugh**, Mrs. **Rush**, launches magazine *Vent* (available at www.ventmag.com, with paper version to debut later). *New York Post* reports, "The magazine will have no political agenda and be more of a guide on how to have a successful life." . . . Novelist **Anne Roiphe** writes op-ed for *New York Observer* blaming Denver skinhead's murder of black man on—**WFB** and **Bill Kristol**: "I am not accusing the neoconservatives of harboring skinheads in the offices of *The Weekly Standard*, but I am saying that the ideas of one are not so different from the ideas of the other." What's the skinhead line on national greatness?

■ Eighty-five per cent of Quebeckers are "tired" of hearing about independence from Canada, and 61 per cent don't want another vote on issue, Canadian Broadcasting Corp. reports. . . . **James Hormel**'s ambassadorial nomination to Luxembourg, stalled over his open homosexuality, not helped by Luxembourg's being touted in gay circles as "the next Key West." . . . France's Socialist-led government cuts work week from 39 to 35 hours by year 2000 to fight 12.5 per cent unemployment. . . . Malaysian PM **Mohammed Mahathir** leaves it to his main rival, Finance Minister **Anwar Ibrahim**, to announce austerity program. . . . Filipino Pres. **Fidel Ramos** endorses as successor **José de Venecia**, speaker of lower house, seen by surprised business community as enemy of economic liberalization. . . . *Nikkei Weekly* reports an easing of China's one-child policy: urban couples can have two children—if neither parent has siblings. . . . In honor of the **Pope**'s visit to Cuba in January 1998, **Fidel Castro** offers to make Christmas official holiday in Cuba for first time since 1969.

■ On *Meet the Press*, **Lisa Myers** points out that latest proposal for minimum-wage hike would "constitute a 50 per cent increase in the minimum wage over the last four years." Responds Sen. **Ted Kennedy**, "Well, our economy is stronger than it's ever been." Can't have that.

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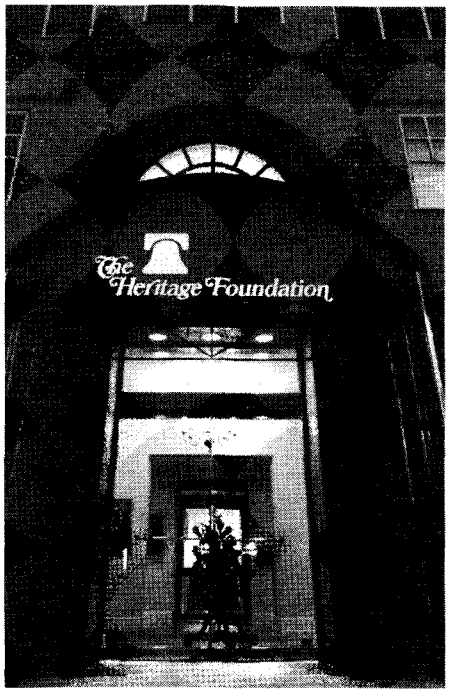
—President Ronald Reagan



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THE WEEK

■ Global Warming has been particularly active this week, dumping up to ten inches of snow in the Deep South and even dropping snow in areas of Mexico that haven't had any in a century.

■ When the Senate Judiciary Committee deadlocked over and thereby rejected Bill Lann Lee's nomination to head the Justice Department's civil-rights division, the Administration cried foul: Lee merely held President Clinton's views on "affirmative action." True. That's the problem. Clinton's views, as revealed by his record if not his rhetoric, are that all preference programs based on race or sex should be maintained at all costs; that attempts to repeal preferences are unconstitutional; and that Supreme Court rulings to the contrary should be ignored. Yet Republicans from Sen. Orrin Hatch (Utah) on down have treated Lee as an isolated radical rather than make the case against the Administration's policies. Indeed, the fact that Clinton thought he could get away with naming Lee the acting head of the division is testimony to the GOP's feebleness on preferences. Just weeks ago, Republicans provided the marginal votes to kill the Canady–McConnell anti-preference bill. The latest news: Republicans are holding meetings on the "gender gap" with Nancy Reagan aide Sheila Tate and Jim Baker crony Margaret Tutwiler—two women who have spent decades apologizing (and not to conservatives) for being in the GOP. Why should Clinton negotiate with Republicans when they are negotiating with themselves?

■ Janet Reno appeared before the Burton Committee and this time she sang, oh, how she sang: "My only guiding star is my desire to follow every lead, and this is my quest, to follow that star, no matter how hopeless, no matter how far, to find the truth and to apply the law the right way, to be willing to give when there's no more to give, to be willing to die so that honor and justice may live, and I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest, I don't care where the facts lead, because I'm going to follow them as far as and wherever they go, and my heart will lie peaceful and true when I go to my rest."

■ The case of Larry Lawrence provided two fascinating spectacles: 1) huge earth-moving equipment scooping Lawrence's coffin up from the Arlington cemetery ground; 2) conservative columnist Arianna Huffington scooping the mainstream media. While TV networks eagerly booked shows on how right-wing media—especially "hate radio," as Mike McCurry put it—got the Arlington story wrong, and Maureen Dowd wrote a stinging column about the low-down tactics of congressional Republicans, Mrs. Huffington was talking to Lawrence's personal assistant and his third wife. Both women said Lawrence had never told them of the service on a Merchant Marine ship during World War II that supposedly justified his Arlington burial. Soon enough, Miss Dowd was writing her own column about Lawrence titled "Dig Him Up." The press would have better served its readers had it done some digging of its own.

■ Ever wonder how much better your career would have gone if Larry Lawrence had written your résumé for you?

■ Richard Gephardt, leader of the House Democrats, spoke at Harvard, outlining his "bold new progressive direction" for the country. The press has focused on a few soundbites that left tooth marks on Bill Clinton and Al Gore, which Gephardt quickly and disingenuously said was not his intent, while Republicans have gloated over the resulting Democratic disarray. But the overlooked substance of the speech may provide a glimpse of the shape of politics in coming years. Some of what Gephardt said was predictable: a protectionism that dare not quite speak its name, escapism on entitlements, national health insurance, concern about "wage stagnation." More interesting was his advocacy of higher growth and of a redistributive version of tax reform. Whatever its defects as policy, this package is one that Republicans will find hard to beat. The political appeal of protectionism is probably overrated—surely some enterprising pol will have the sense to organize workers in trade-related industries and to point out that higher consumer prices are no boon. But the public does not appear to have tired of Big Government programs for *people who work.* Gephardt's implicit pitch is to a voting bloc that has had as many names as there have been election cycles since 1968: the Silent Ma-

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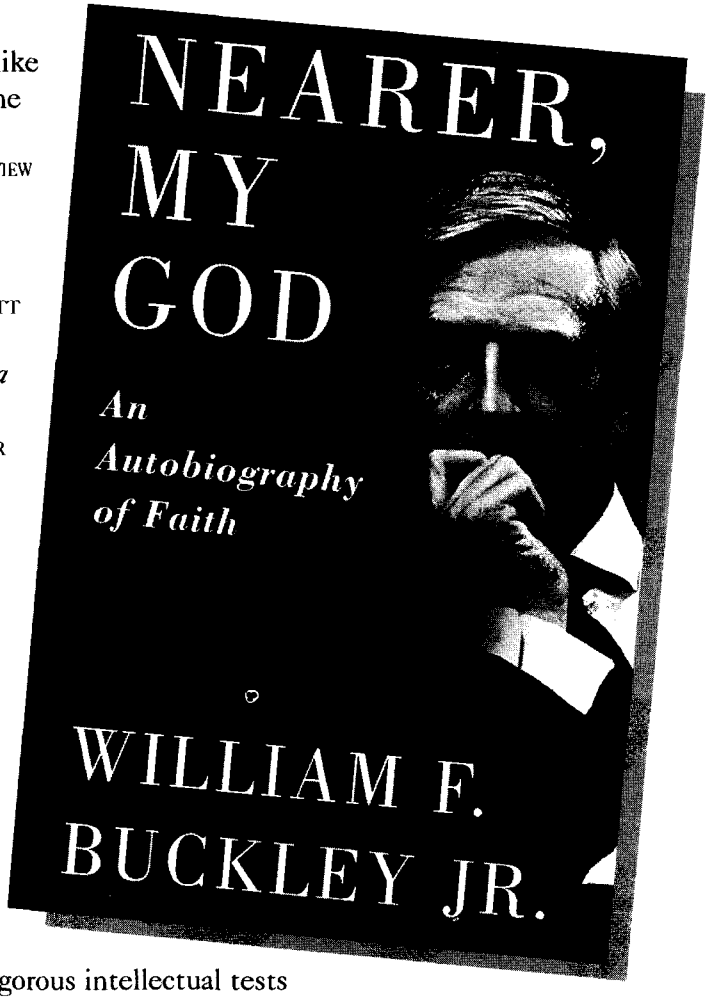
A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Chosen as one of the Best Books of 1997 by *Publishers Weekly*.



". . .the book never stops being an autobiography. Then, like the best of essays, Buckley's ends where it began, with the question of religious practice in Christian schools."
—The New York Times Book Review

"A splendid story about a modern pilgrim's progress . . . erudite, engaging, poignant, and inspiring."
—William J. Bennett

"This beautiful book might easily be read as a kind of *vita* of the heart, a spiritual narrative that evokes a life that has found joy in the journey." —Our Sunday Visitor

". . . an inspired miscellany rich in anecdote, witty, and animated. What gives it unity as a book is the warmth and the depth of Buckley's faith, at once complex and many-sided and as simple and trusting as a child's."
—Christianity Today

". . . this may well end up a cultural landmark, one that leads, as much or more than it reflects, the religious revival sweeping the country." —The Detroit News

". . . a rollicking adventure story of the spirit, an elaborate trek around and about the lofty peaks of belief and conviction . . . a fascinating, intelligent, and deeply humane demonstration of belief in the face of the most rigorous intellectual tests and challenges. Belief emerges unshaken, and with it a profound sense of peace and purpose."—The Baltimore Sun

"A radiant book. A dimension of Buckley not previously visible in public—a faith that is touching and inspiring and quite beautiful."
—Lance Morrow

"I am a lifetime unbeliever. I have no reason to think that [my friend] Buckley is aware of that, such is the nature of his civility; I have never raised the point. But on reading this breathtakingly powerful book, a work of Olympian humility, I now know he cares."
—Michael Pankenham

"Buckley has never made a secret of his strong Christian faith, yet he confesses to a temperamental reticence. 'I am not trained in the devotional mode, nor disposed to it' he writes—nor, one might add, the evangelical mode. That is precisely what makes his new book unique . . ."
—Books & Culture

"This work is vintage Buckley: opinionated, articulate, moving, self-righteous, maddening, and elitist but never boring."
—Library Journal

"The philosophical and theological apologetics works in its own framework, but the personal part for me works a whole lot better. It makes the book a Christian classic, something I can give to students to say, here is Christianity, not as a matter of theory or doctrine, but as a living religion. Here he has taught that lesson in a book."
—Professor Jacob Neusner

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jority, the Reagan Democrats, the people who "work hard and play by the rules," the "radical middle." Essentially, the white working class. If Gephardt is serious about representing these people, he will have to broaden his message beyond economic concerns to address their moral and cultural anxieties. They are proud of their country and not eager to see it transformed to accord with multiculturalist wishes; they do not want their leaders trying to "educate" them about the proper attitude toward homosexuality or giving their children access to abortion; they do not want unrestricted immigration. To lead an insurgency against Clintonism, Gephardt will have to make a decisive break with its cultural liberalism as well as with its sleek corporatism. Rejecting the New Class's Kyoto treaty would be a good start.

■ *NR* has never supported the independent-counsel statute, but believes it should be applied so long as it is on the books. Which is exactly the opposite position from that of Attorney General Reno, who supports the law wholeheartedly—except when it comes to applying it to the fundraising abuses of the Administration she serves. There has been a lot of this going around. Witness Anthony Lewis, whose recent column—appropriately titled "Reductio ad Absurdum"—fleshes out the Reno position. It seems that Watergate and Iran–Contra justified an independent counsel. Otherwise, the law is an extra-constitutional excretion, the "special danger" of which has been highlighted by an independent counsel's indictment of Henry Cisneros (the former Clinton official allegedly lied to the FBI and promised subordinates government jobs to help cover for him). In sum, previous doubts about the statute "were silenced by urgent occasions for an independent counsel. They cannot be ignored now." In other words, if the statute could be written to apply exclusively to Republican Administrations, it would be a model of constitutional fidelity and good sense.

■ Since GOP legislators seem to be allowing their policies to be dictated by the *New York Times*, let's hope they were reading the paper on December 14. According to a CBS–*Times* poll, Americans overwhelmingly oppose preferences (51 to 37 per cent). Shirking causes that are just but unpopular is cowardly, but shirking causes that are just *and* popular is . . . Republican.

■ When Bill Clinton took office, he announced—unforgettably now—that he wanted a Cabinet that "looks like America." This raises the question of whether Clinton's "America" dresses in horizontal stripes with chest numerals. Henry Cisneros, Clinton's first HUD Secretary, has now been indicted on 18 counts. Mike Espy, former Secretary of Agriculture, tops that with a 39-count indictment. Bruce Babbitt, Secretary of the Interior, faces scrutiny by a special counsel for mugging some Indians for campaign cash. Former Transportation Secretary Hazel O'Leary has been credibly accused of selling access at fifty thou a shot, and is well known for wildly extravagant travel. The late Ron Brown, Secretary of Commerce, was, at the time of his plane crash, under investigation by an independent counsel. A recent cartoon by Kevin Siers of the *Charlotte Observer* depicts a dog relaxing in a prison cell and saying to his cellmate, "Same old story . . . One minute I'm Bill Clinton's best friend, the next minute I'm indicted." In Warren Harding's "scandal-ridden" Administration, only one high official ever went to prison.

■ A new federal mandate requires phone companies to make a $2.2-billion contribution, called a "universal service contribution," for connecting schools and libraries to the Internet. The cost of the regulation will be passed on in the form of higher telephone charges. Why American parents want their kids web-surfing instead of reading is exactly the sort of question the Clinton Administration and the teachers unions never ask. Or, if local school boards decide in favor of the information link, why can't they work with private-sector software companies, as has already been the case in nearly half of U.S. classrooms? Then again, the universal-service requirement creates another entry barrier to the digital PC–Internet companies that want desperately to compete against the local-loop telephone-company monopoly. The universal-service contribution, written into the 1996 telecom bill by Sen. Olympia Snowe (R., Me.) and numerous Democrats, is a setback for education, the free market, and America's fastest-growing industry. Congress should line out this provision before the winter snow melts.

■ First, Al Gore said that he and his wife were models for the doomed lovers in the 1970 weeper *Love Story*, whose author, Erich Segal, Gore knew when he was at Harvard. Then Segal said this was only one-quarter true: he had used Tipper not at all, and only those aspects of Gore that were rigid and repressed. Then Gore said it didn't matter,

What Really Happened

'Twas the night before Christmas
And yuck, what a dream:
Richard Gephardt played Santa,
When Hillary's scream—
His descent down the chimney
Was on a slow track—
Awoke hubby, who cheerfully
Looted his sack
Until Donner and Blitzen
Raised hell on the roof
(Every buck is a Teamster);
Then Gephardt split. Poof!

—W. H. VON DREELE

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★ REFORM SOCIAL SECURITY ★ ABOLISH THE IRS ★ MEDICAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS ★ 17% FLAT TAX ★

★ MEDICAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS ★ CUT FEDERAL BUREAUCRACY ★ CONGRESSIONAL TERM LIMITS ★

★ CONGRESSIONAL TERM LIMITS ★ 17% FLAT TAX ★ REFORM SOCIAL SECURITY ★ ABOLISH THE IRS ★

"We *CAN* take our Government BACK from the Politicians and Bureaucrats who've corrupted it!"

— *Steve Forbes*

Dear Fellow American,

If you have the vision and the spirit, I have a plan to:

- ★ **Cut your federal income taxes.**
- ★ **Strip the IRS of its abusive, coercive powers.**
- ★ **Take our government back from the career politicians and bureaucrats who've corrupted it.**

I've created a grassroots organization specifically to champion an agenda of pro-family, pro-growth answers to America's most important problems—**Americans for Hope, Growth and Opportunity.**

Today, I'm inviting spirited, visionary Americans to join with me to restore America's greatness before we enter the 21st Century!

The cornerstone of our agenda is replacing our current tax code with a fair, moral, and honest 17% FLAT TAX.

- ★ It rewards success and savings, and helps families stay together, and prosper together. It provides ample deductions—up to $36,600 for a family of four—that will take millions of low income Americans off the tax rolls. That will give them the chance to save and get ahead.
- ★ Income over $36,600 is taxed fairly and equally at 17%! That's a tax cut!
- ★ Our plan zeros out the individual capital gains tax. Zeros out taxes on Social Security benefits, pensions, and savings. It ends the "death tax."

Our plan sends a clear message to the Washington political elite who've grown fat and powerful at the taxpayers' expense:

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Will you join me in this dynamic new partnership? Will you help me get this ad placed in newspapers across the country?

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Steve Forbes

Attn: Mr. Steve Forbes, Honorary Chairman

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    I will receive the newsletter plus a personalized membership card.
  - ❑ **$100 to $500** **FOUNDING TRUSTEE**
    I will receive the above benefits plus a handsome lapel pin.
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since the conversation in which he floated the idea had been off the record. Then two reporters said, No, on the record. The only unanswered question: What character was inspired by Marty Peretz?

■ When the Heritage Foundation set up shop in 1973, Richard Nixon had given us wage and price controls, affirmative action, and a giddy opening to China. Democrats controlled both houses of Congress. The leading right-wing protest politician was George Wallace, who had just been shot. The then-unimaginable political successes of Ronald Reagan and the congressional GOP owe much to the tireless work of Heritage—day in, day out, analyzing policy, critiquing liberal mistakes, proposing alternatives. Paradise has not arrived? All the more reason to wish Heritage a happy birthday, and another quarter-century of hard work and success.

■ Saddam Hussein continues his shell game with the UN inspectors. Ambassador Richard Butler, director of the UN inspection team, was in Baghdad pushing for access to more than sixty suspicious sites. The inspectors have been hamstrung since October 29, when the recent crisis began—and effective inspection is still blocked, even now that the crisis has "subsided." What really has subsided is U.S. pressure, the world's sense of urgency, and any chance to regain our grip on Saddam's programs for building weapons of mass destruction.

■ Attention, passengers. The train which departed from Betty Friedan's kitchen in 1963, with the New Woman of Feminist Destiny aboard, has been delayed in reaching this station. Passengers consulting their newspapers for scheduling information may have noticed that the proportion of American women who consider themselves feminists is falling (the percentage who consider the word "feminist" a compliment is down by half since 1992, the number who consider it an insult is up), that only 43 per cent think feminism has made a positive difference in their lives, and that fewer and fewer women are choosing to have abortions, the yearly number having dropped 15 per cent since 1990. Stationmaster Gloria Steinem is un-

Right Data

"THE U.S. saves too little." That was the battle cry of doom-and-gloomers of both the Right and the Left in the 1980s.

Currently U.S. households save about 5 per cent of their disposable income. That's puny alongside the 11.5 per cent and 20 per cent saved by Japanese and Korean families, respectively. When you add in business savings and subtract the amount dissaved by government (i.e., the deficit), total national savings rises to 15 per cent of GDP in the U.S.—still less than half corresponding rates in South Asia and China.

As seen in the chart, however, investment exceeds savings in the United States. Why? Since the Reagan revolution, a deregulated and vibrant U.S. economy has generated more investment opportunities than American savers have chosen to finance. The resulting capital inflow from abroad has helped us grow without inflation.

Today's Asia, on the other hand, demonstrates that countries can save and invest too much. The current crisis can be traced to the Japanese government's policy of channeling private savings to favored industries. Government-subsidized credit led to overinvestment and a financial "bubble" that masked the true condition of Japanese companies.

PARADOX OF THRIFT?: SUPER-SAVERS AND THE U.S.

	Per-Capita Income (a)	Domestic Savings (b)	Investment Rate (b)	1998 Economic Freedom Index/(Rank) (c)
U.S.	$27,178	15%	16%	1.90 (5)
Japan	22,149	31	29	2.05 (12)
China	3,383	42	40	3.75 (120)
Thailand	6,801	36	43	2.40 (28)
S. Korea	13,553	36	37	2.30 (24)
Malaysia	9,644	37	41	2.40 (28)
Indonesia	3,483	36	38	2.85 (62)

a. 1996 U.S. dollars. b. As % of GDP c. Ranking scale goes from 1.00 (Most Free) to 5.00; 156 countries are ranked.
Sources: World Bank; Fraser Institute; Heritage Foundation.

When the bubble burst in the early 1990s Japanese banks were left with hundreds of billions of bad loans. Tokyo's response: push interest rates still lower. With more money than they could possibly invest at home, Japanese banks embarked on a manic lending spree in Southeast Asia. From a mere $40 billion in early 1994, Japan's Asian lending ballooned to $265 billion in 1996.

Other Asian nations mimicked Japan's industrial policy, with similar results. Korea's computer-chip industry—the nation's largest exporter—expanded so rapidly that prices for memory chips collapsed by 70 per cent in 1996. This industry is now bankrupt. Although South Korea's economy is one-16th the size of ours, South Korean bank losses are conservatively estimated to be one-third the amount sustained by American S&Ls during the bailout of the 1980s.

Our financial system is far from perfect. FHA loans, Fannie Mae money, and the politically sacrosanct mortgage-interest deduction have produced overinvestment in U.S. real estate. The publicly subsidized Farm Credit System props up too many farmers. But market forces loom larger here than elsewhere, because impersonal stock and bond markets—as opposed to friendlier banks—are more important here than elsewhere.

If Asia is to retain its role as the engine of global economic growth it might try emulating one of its own: Hong Kong. The former colony is the freest economy in the world, receiving perfect scores for lack of government intervention and low levels of regulation in the latest Heritage Foundation ranking.

The Asia model is dead. Long live the Asia model.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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Al Gore Is Warming

Like a snowman late in March
When its carrot nose
Droops and drips until it falls
Where the Lyme ticks doze,
Al's been sweating gallons from
All that CO_2,
Bovine methane, and the gas
Gephardt's spewing. Phew!

—W. H. von Dreele

able to account for the delay, but interference by patriarchal false consciousness is suspected. Home-baked cookies from Rodham-Clinton Kitchens are available free of charge in the waiting area. Travelers hoping to make connections to stations such as Happiness, Domestic Tranquillity, and Spiritual Fulfillment are advised to seek alternative forms of transportation.

■ Poor Latrell Sprewell. The NBA thug was the victim of "verbal abuse" at the hands of his coach. And in late-twentieth-century America, being the victim of any kind of abuse—violent, sexual, verbal—is an entree into an enchanted world where any irresponsibility becomes permissible. So, that Sprewell should be so severely punished—a year's suspension—for merely trying to strangle his victimizer doesn't seem quite fair. No wonder Johnnie Cochran is on the case ("a rush to judgment"). Or that San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown has suggested the coach got what he deserved. Or that a sign appeared in the Golden State arena reading, "Confucius Say, 'If the coach don't fit, you must aquit [*sic*].' " If this latest episode makes you think there is little difference between hoodlums and major sports stars, you may not be far off the mark: according to ESPN, some NFL players have been flashing gang signs in the end zone. As for Sprewell, he has mouthed the typical apology/complaint ("I've been looked upon as a negative person"). *Oprah* no doubt will be next—then, another fat/phat NBA contract.

■ *New York Post* gossip columnist Cindy Adams was anxiously waiting to show Hillary Clinton her new perfume, called "Gossip," after a speech at a $1,000-a-plate lunch at New York City's University Club. But the soft-dollar fundraiser turned into a hard-copy battle when club members objected to Mrs. Adams's use of a cellular telephone in a public meeting room, which violated a hard-and-fast club rule. When Mrs. Clinton and her staff appeared, and spread papers and boxes on tables in the room, a club proctor pointed out that that too is strictly against the rules and asked them all to leave. Mrs. Adams bellyached in print for days, calling club members "sculptures," and "old coots" whose "average age" is "deceased." Mrs. Adams might learn something from Mrs. Clinton, who sent the club flowers and an apology.

■ Relax! On American streets there will soon be a mere *half*-million murderers, convicted and unconvicted, who have escaped punishment or been released from custody. A sentence in John DiIulio's review of several books about race ("State of Grace," Dec. 22) suggested that there would be a *million convicted* murderers on the loose, all of them having been released from custody. We regret the error, caused by a convicted murderer, released from custody, who slipped into our office after hours.

Not Getting Warmer

IN A recent issue of *The New Yorker,* Joe Klein quoted Al Gore exulting over a headline about the growing "consensus" on global warming: "I've waited twenty years for this damn headline. And that didn't just happen. That is the result of an enormous amount of hard work." Indeed it is, and that work has been primarily political rather than scientific.

The main evidence for warming comes from computer models that have already proved defective. According to these models, the earth "should" have warmed since 1979; according to satellite observations, it has actually cooled by a statistically significant amount. The earth *has* warmed since 1880, but most of that warming occurred before 1940 and thus before the largest increase in fossil-fuel emissions; the effect preceded its alleged cause. On the warmers' own assumptions, there is no rush: we could wait 23 years to do anything and be only 0.2° warmer in 2100. The passage of time should leave us richer and more technologically advanced, thus better able to handle the problem.

What we have here, in short, is another of those manufactured crises on which the expansion of the state has so frequently depended. The warnings of an impending Ice Age in the 1970s served the same function: when it comes to increasing the scope of regulation, any old hook will do. Some warmers concede the shakiness of their scientific case but ask: Why take the risk? But the risks of global warming must be set against the risks of the global-warming treaty. Raising fuel-efficiency standards for cars will cause more carnage on the roads by forcing cars to be smaller. Using conservative estimates, Wefa, a consulting firm, expects gasoline prices to increase 44 cents per gallon under the Kyoto protocol; heating oil, natural gas, and electricity will each cost about 50 per cent more than today—for a total cost of $2,000 a year for the average family. Add to that the costs in freedom of the vast international bureaucracy that would inevitably be recruited to enforce the agreement. Today's liberals, it seems, evince less hostility to capitalism than blithe confidence that it can bear any burden put on it.

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Clinton and Gore know perfectly well that the Senate would reject the Kyoto protocol in a heartbeat if it were submitted today. So their tack is to make it a kind of treaty-in-progress: an executive order here, another international conference there, vague promises of concessions everywhere. Opponents have made this strategy easier by drawing their line in the sand in the wrong place. They have complained about the exemptions for developing countries. Before Kyoto, the Senate passed a resolution 95 to 0 demanding that any treaty include America's competitors. The real issue is not whether developing countries should impose energy controls—but whether anyone should. The trouble with Kyoto is not, as business-lobby ads say, that "it's not global and it won't work"—though both claims are true—but that it does great harm in order to address a wholly speculative threat.

The Administration should be pressured to submit the treaty for an early Senate vote. Barring that, the Senate should pass a resolution rebuking Gore for ignoring its instructions in Kyoto; and withdraw from the 1992 Rio agreement that started this process. The Administration can be expected to put up a fight. Gore has (in *Earth in the Balance*) compared warming skeptics to those who refused to resist Hitler in time, and (in Kyoto), to tobacco executives—groups whose turpitude he seems to equate. Gore is a theologian for a false religion who can take the leap of faith to try to plan energy consumption patterns a hundred years from now.

The mystagogic jabber at Kyoto finally had to stop only because the conference hall was booked the next day. It was the biggest decline in dangerous hot air that the treaty can be expected to produce.

The Week in Verse

Christmas is coming! Underneath the tree
Miss Reno finds her new assistant, *Lee*.
She doesn't mind he's only "acting" now,
And, acting "independent," shows him how.
She also does a good "indignant" when
Republicans complain they're balked again,
And, toadying to *Clinton*, takes her mark
For all the world (ask *Freeh*) like *Joan of Arc*.

But *Santa Bill's* more goodies in his sack:
Just look what from *Kyoto* he's brought back!
A *Treaty* that will keep the earth from harm
And getting (on account of us) too warm.
So as you huddle round the blazing *Yule*
Remembering cheap oil, give thanks you're cool.
And what a gift poor *South Korea* gets
Of 57 billions toward her debts!
Her grateful people will accordingly
Elect or *Tweedle-Kim* or *Tweedle-Rhee*.
Though all the gifts we give bless us, still we've
A blessing too in what we may receive.
Through two decades of diplomatic fog
Khatami bears a gift: it's "dialogue."
Just what *Bill* wanted! Wonder how he knew?
It's "dialogue" *he* gives the favored few—
Thus solves the strife of black and white and Asian
With yet another "racial conversation."

What though Republicans still fret and fume,
Indict *Cisneros*, *Lawrence* (gasp!) exhume?
What though poor *Babbitt's* charged with perjury,
McDougal's still in jail, *Hubbell* still free?
Our hardy nation this will not appall,
So we are given his best gift of all.
For joyful news the *President* proclaims
And, choosing one from off a list of names,
Announces that, however much a dud he
May appear, he's someone to call *Buddy*.

—JUVENAL

Give Me—Everybody

"FINDINGS we never found"—the *New York Times*' headline on the devastating op-ed piece by Harvard economists George J. Borjas and Richard B. Freeman neatly summarized as pointed a charge as professorial politeness allows. Borjas and Freeman, both members of the National Academy of Science panel that issued a definitive report on the economics of immigration this spring, easily demonstrated that the claim by Sen. Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.) that the NAS report was "highly favorable toward immigration" was, well, inexact.

Specifically, Mr. Abraham claimed the NAS found immigrants raise GNP by some $200 billion a year. In fact, the NAS had emphasized that most of this goes to the immigrants themselves. The benefit to native Americans is stunningly small, maybe $1 to $10 billion annually in an $8-trillion economy. Mr. Abraham also claimed the NAS found a net fiscal benefit from immigrants—more precisely from their descendants—over the long run (three hundred years!). In fact the NAS had calculated this would be true only if taxes were raised substantially some time around 2015. If not, immigration remains a fiscal drain, now more than enough ($15 to $20 billion annually) to wipe out the minuscule macroeconomic benefit.

In short, the NAS found that America is not merely being transformed for nothing—it is actually paying for the privilege.

Sen. Abraham's claims were originally made in a November article on the *Wall Street Journal*'s pro-immigration editorial page. Incredibly, this was the first mention of the NAS findings ever to appear in the *Wall Street Journal*—a resounding silence of over 25 weeks. The mention, of course, was inexact. When Borjas and Freeman attempted to correct this distortion of the findings,

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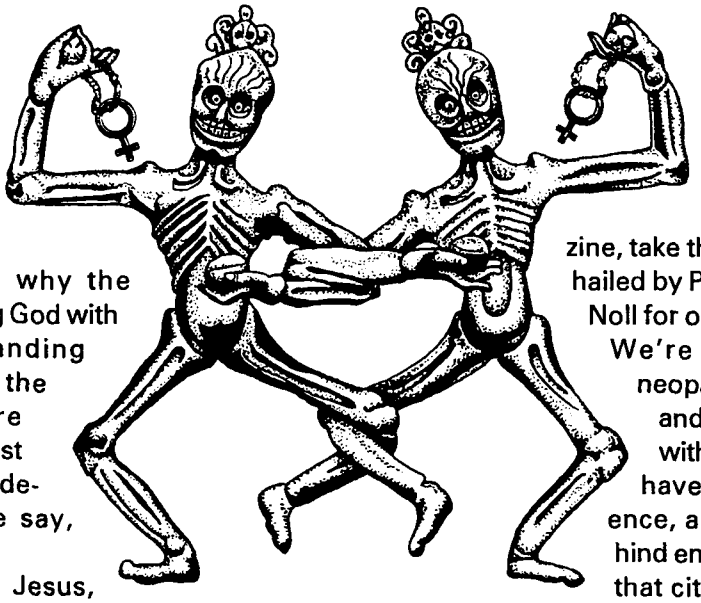
Does Jesus Have Two Mommies?

If, as Father Flake says, God is our *Mother*, then Jesus has two mommies and, presto, "gay *is* good."

The Mass is the consummation of the love of Christ (the Bridegroom) for His Bride (the Church), and the priest at the altar represents the Bridegroom. But if, as Sister Shrew insists, there ought to be *women priests*, then a woman can be a Bridegroom and, presto, "same-sex marriage" *is* legitimate.



So now you see why the people who are replacing God with a goddess and demanding priestesses are often the same people who are pushing the homosexualist agenda. The common denominator is, shall we say, sexual confusion.

But there's more: Jesus, who came down from Heaven and was therefore in a position to know with certainty, called God our *Father*. But if Jesus was wrong about this, and Fr. Flake knows better, then Jesus wasn't the Son of God, wasn't a member of any Trinity — indeed, was an impostor.

And if, as Sister Shrew is forever telling us, "sexism" is a sin, then Jesus *sinned* when He chose only males for His priesthood, and therefore could hardly be divine.

Bye-bye Catholicism!

Yes, there are those in the Church who, whether they realize it or not, are pushing for a return to the unholy trinity of paganism — goddesses, priestesses, and homosexuality. But there are others of us, from the Holy Father on down, who are determined to remain Catholic. So now you know why there's a civil war going on in the Church! The issue isn't "equal rights," but *God's rights*: Will God's revelation prevail in His Church?

When it comes to defending the Faith "it's a sin to be dull," according to the Archbishop in charge of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, take that to heart. We've been hailed by Protestant historian Mark Noll for our "comic seriousness." We're driving back the neopagan tide in both Church and society — and we do so with panache and pizzaz. We have an international audience, and we're published behind enemy lines — in Berkeley, that citadel of the bizarre. The one and only thing we share with the denizens of that university town is being "intellectually aggressive," which is how the *Hawaii Catholic Herald* describes us.

Amazingly, we're also ecumenical in spirit. We know that Evangelicals, the Eastern Orthodox, and traditional Anglo-Catholics are among our most valuable allies. The greatest Evangelical theologian of 20th-century America, Carl F.H. Henry, has said that our articles "are exceedingly well done, and in reading them I say, I wish I had done that, or could do it." Neither glossy nor glitzy, we only dazzle you with our turbocharged content and incisive forays against Fashionable Opinion.

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■ We apologize for advertising on the cover and on the contents page (both of which must go to the printer early) an article that does not in fact appear in this issue: Diana Hull's on *Chicanismo*.

their article was refused. Which is why it appeared in the more open-minded (never thought we'd say it, but on this issue at least) *New York Times*.

This pattern of inexactitude and outright repression is scandalous. What has happened, quite simply, is that the economic case for current immigration policy has collapsed. The NAS report was merely one symptom: this fall, the Rand Corporation's *Immigration and a Changing Economy: California's Experience* similarly concluded that current immigration is counter-productive and should be reduced (and similarly has not been mentioned in the *Wall Street Journal*).

Why do immigration enthusiasts feel obliged to make such a rigid defense of current policy? After all, easy and obvious reforms could upgrade immigrant skill levels, English-language proficiency, and cultural compatibility while continuing an inflow quite large enough to satisfy the most devoted Statue of Liberty fetishist.

This option is not considered for a reason that goes to the heart of this disingenuous debate. Many immigration enthusiasts are concerned only with their own special deals, now hidden in the current policy shambles. They know that these could never be defended if immigration legislation were opened up for reform. Therefore they are determined to stop the legislation from being opened up for reform—using whatever arguments are to hand.

The most obvious boondoggle: the wide-open definition of family reunification, which has allowed a handful of Third World countries to shoulder everyone else aside and claim the bulk of legal immigration slots. It is a common observation among immigration-policy specialists that one group thus benefiting is the Arab community in Sen. Abraham's own Michigan.

Immigration policy exemplifies a classic political-science conundrum. Its costs are spread across the many; its benefits concentrated among the few. This is also a classic formula for political fundraising—and campaign contributions are the hidden dimension of immigration policy, notably John Huang's purchase of White House opposition to the 1995 Smith–Simpson reforms.

With the collapse of Republican congressional leadership on this issue, particularly in the Senate, the special-interest hogs are feeding again, figuring out new ways to increase immigration. They have already succeeded in amnestying 400,000 to 700,000 Central American illegals, which means that some multiple of this number will ultimately arrive through the family-reunification mechanism. Haitians are rumored to be next. The refugee quota, now essentially an expedited, subsidized immigration program for Ukrainian Catholics, Soviet Jews and Baptists, and other groups, has been expanded. There is even talk of increasing skilled-immigrant slots since—the dirty secret of current policy—this much-touted group is actually a small fraction of the current 900,000 annual legal inflow. On top of that inflow, naturally.

Why is the Republican leadership acquiescing in a policy that serves no national purpose and directly augments their Democratic opponents' political base? But that is a question not for political science but for psychiatry.

Second Opinions

HAVING failed to sell the American public a vast apparatus of health-care regulations and bureaucracies in 1994, President Clinton has tried for the last two years to deliver it on the installment plan. He has been both remarkably candid about this strategy and remarkably successful with it. First came the Kassebaum–Kennedy Act, mandating that insurance policies be portable and renewable. Next, the Federal Government set insurance policies on maternity stays and mental-health care. This summer, it established a new program to expand health-insurance coverage for children.

The latest proposal is the "patient's bill of rights," sponsored by dentist-turned-Rep. Charles Norwood (R., Ga.). This legislation would establish a set of mandatory benefits and impose more mandates and price controls on managed-care plans. Meanwhile, the Clinton Administration is considering ways to extend government health insurance to the "near-elderly" (aged 55 to 64). If that happens, expect further initiatives on behalf of the "near-near-elderly" and "post-children," until the liberal nirvana of universal coverage is achieved.

None of these layers of regulation and subsidies, however, would address America's great mistake on health care: tightly linking health insurance with employment. The Federal Government encourages that irrational link by allowing employers, but not individuals, to exclude the costs of their health-care policies from taxation. Almost all our health-care problems flow from this. Since individuals are not accountable for their own spending, what began as insurance against risk becomes an inefficient prepayment system for routine expenses. Since employers rather than individuals own the policies, portability and insurance for the unemployed become problems. Since costs must be controlled somehow, third parties like HMOs must be called in to ration care.

Piecemeal interventions ameliorate some of these problems—but only by making others worse. The General Accounting Office has just reported that the Kassebaum–Kennedy Act has caused premiums to rise ten times faster than backers of the legislation (who included our friends at *The Weekly Standard*) predicted. The Norwood bill, according to actuaries at Milliman & Robertson, could increase premiums by an average of 23 per cent. This is as one would expect. HMOs have incentives to deny care as a way of counteracting inflationary incentives. Forcing them to provide more care, as M. Stanton Evans remarks, amounts to walking around in a circle.

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Guilty Pleasures

Crashing down the slope
In a scary Asian way
As "Abandon hope"
Flashes by the sleigh,
South Korea's slide
Sucks us toward the void:
Oh, how hard it is to hide
A case of Schadenfreud'.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Higher premiums would swell the ranks of the uninsured—and consequently increase pressure for subsidies. Subsidies would increase costs further, provoking new governmental controls. Down this road lies ClintonCare. At the end of that road lies full-blown nationalized health care, with the inevitable trade-offs among cost, quality, and access—managed, poorly, by the state.

Turkey Shoot

THE pivotal importance of NATO ally Turkey is a commonplace of strategic analysis. Turkey is not only a buffer against Russia but an increasingly positive influence in the new Middle East. Its role in Desert Storm was crucial; its outreach to the newly independent (and oil-rich) states of Central Asia, the Caucasus, and the Caspian basin offers a moderate pro-Western role model to compete with Iran. Its new military cooperation with Israel is a strategic boon, giving fits to Iran, Syria, and Iraq. When the recent Islamic Summit in Teheran denounced the Turkish–Israeli accords, the Turkish president left the gathering in a huff.

What is Turkey's reward for this service to the West? To be rebuffed in insulting fashion by the European Union, which has now made bluntly clear that Turkey will never be considered for membership. An EU summit in Luxembourg promised fast-track negotiations on membership to Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, Slovenia, Estonia, and the Greek portion of Cyprus, and slower-track negotiations to Slovakia, Rumania, Lithuania, Latvia, and Bulgaria. Turkey—which first applied for membership in 1963—was fobbed off with an offer to join a looser consultative grouping. While Turkey's human-rights record was the excuse, the real reason was immigration: the EU countries feared still more Turkish workers flooding into the common labor pool.

Turkey, a faithful ally of the West for over fifty years, deserves better than this. Ankara's response is to loosen its ties with Europe but—fortunately—to strengthen its ties with the United States. President Clinton is to receive Prime Minister Mesut Yilmaz in Washington. The New Atlantic Initiative's next congress, in Istanbul in May, will be another gesture of recognition—and an opportunity to propose an Atlantic economic grouping, based on free trade but not open borders, that could encompass Turkey, the EU, NAFTA, and Eastern Europe. But the EU once again confirms its retrograde strategic influence.

New Theses

FOR almost five hundred years, the history of the West has been largely shaped by the religious, cultural, and political consequences of the divide between Protestant and Catholic. At the edge of the third millennium, and at the end of a century when world views such as Marxism–Leninism have been discredited, Christianity may be poised for what Pope John Paul II calls "a springtime of world evangelization."

There are today two billion Christians, about one-third of the world's population, and one billion of them are Roman Catholics. The other most vibrant sector of Christianity is evangelical Protestantism. The question is whether evangelicals and Catholics will in the next century evangelize the world with one another or against one another. Clearly on the side of cooperation and healing is a remarkable statement, "The Gift of Salvation," published in the January issue of *First Things*. The statement is the product of an enterprise, "Evangelicals and Catholics Together," that was launched four years ago by Mr. Charles Colson, founder of the Prison Fellowship, and Father Richard John Neuhaus of *First Things*. It represents an agreement on "justification by faith," a doctrine that was thought to mark the decisive difference between Protestants and Catholics since the sixteenth century. Far from being an arcane theological development, such agreement may have a much greater bearing on the real world than anything happening at the moment on Wall Street or in Washington. This was evident at a month-long Synod for America (meaning North, Central, and South) convoked in Rome by John Paul II. Latin American bishops have typically dismissed Protestant movements in their part of the world as "sects" that are part and parcel of U.S. imperial designs. Alerted to developments such as Evangelicals and Catholics Together, the synod of bishops adopted a more constructive approach to Protestants as "brothers and sisters in Christ," which may be a portent of a thorough rethinking of fears and stereotypes that have plagued relations between Latin America and the hemisphere's dominant power.

A statement such as "The Gift of Salvation" may seem an improbable catalyst for world-historical change, but then who would have thought that a friar's invitation to debate posted on a Wittenberg church door would loom so large in the making, and unmaking, of what we call the modern world?

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NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The *Vero Beach Press Journal* recently quoted Algore as saying that his "fund-raising activities were totally legal and entirely appropriate—and the lesson in all this is that we urgently need campaign-finance reform."

This gives one furiously to wonder why anything that is totally legal and entirely appropriate is in any need of urgent reform.

Sincerely,
John C. Vredenburgh
Vero Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Vredenburgh: When you figure it out, let us in on it. Cordially, WFB

■ Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.
Aboard MS *Ryndam*, *NR* Alaska Cruise
To be delivered personally to Mr. Buckley

Dear Mr. Buckley:

This letter will introduce my father, Philip M. Knox Jr., and will also, fittingly, acquit the obligation I owe him for introducing me 35 years ago to NATIONAL REVIEW.

I have told my father that you and I are acquaintances of more than thirty years' standing. This, as it happens, is not precisely accurate, but it is not precisely inaccurate either. I unburden myself of the details here.

In the summer of 1966, a college classmate and I traveled to New York for a single purpose: to meet you. It did not occur to us to observe the customary amenities—write ahead, schedule an appointment at your offices, etc. I believe we assumed at the time that you were akin to a public monument—open all day to any young conservative who turned up. Naturally, NATIONAL REVIEW's offices were closed on Saturday when we arrived.

Undaunted, we drove to Stamford, where we knew you lived, presuming the town would prove to be so small we could find your home by instinct and dead reckoning. We were not far wrong. We stopped at a fire station to ask for information and found a fire-fighter reading (yes!) NATIONAL REVIEW. Violating probably every privacy right you have, he coughed up your address in a heartbeat. We arrived at your home about dusk and then, suddenly struck by the enormity of our undertaking, we dilly-dallied under a tree on a lane nearby, summoning up our courage for the final approach. Howard Carter entered Tut's tomb with less trepidation than we felt creeping onto your porch and ringing the doorbell.

Inside, we could hear a harpsichord playing one of that season's pop hits, "Downtown." Your housekeeper answered the door, listened politely to our request, and, quite properly, dispatched us, telling us that we would have to call your office the following week. We turned to leave, relieved that we hadn't really had to carry the whole thing off after all. And then one of your houseguests stepped onto the porch and called us back. We were invited to brunch the next day.

The details of the next day are still clear. We appeared. You and your two houseguests, one of whom was Marvin Liebman and the other of whom—our intercessor—bore a name now lost to me, were gracious beyond telling. You were all three at the pool, painting at easels set up overlooking the ocean. My companion and I chatted merrily with you and your guests. We swam in your pool. We drank planter's punch. We ate eggs Benedict. I spilled my planter's punch in my eggs Benedict. It was triumph on triumph. (You barely broke conversational stride as you mopped up my mess.)

We stayed into the late afternoon, when you left for Mass. And I had a story that I have dined out on for more than thirty years.

And now to the part about my father. I have told this story at innumerable family gatherings. I have never felt compelled to close by acknowledging that, not to put too fine an edge on it, you and I didn't exactly stay in touch afterward. It is possible, in fact, that my dad may have gained the impression that I became a grey eminence overseeing much of your subsequent activity. The television show? Sure, Dad, I told Bill he should call it *Firing Line*, use that annoying Bach thing as the theme song, and never ever sit up straight while the cameras were rolling. The Blackford Oakes novels? It wasn't *all* my idea, Dad. (Modesty, thy name is me!) Bill had a lot of input too. The occasional concert appearance—well, actually, I gave all the credit to you for that one. But you get the idea.

Now the question is: What sense does it make to jolt the old man out of his cherished belief that while I was not exactly the guy behind the conservative movement from the Sixties to the Nineties, I was pretty much the guy behind the guy behind the movement?

And so I leave it to you. You decide whether in this, his 75th year, my father, who entered into his adulthood fighting a world war against tyranny, returned to work his way through law school and embark on a career which led him ultimately to the position of General Counsel to a Fortune 500 corporation, raised two sons (only one of whom ever told a few harmless stretchers), and who has remained steadfast in his devotion to his wife of 54 years, the Catholic Church, and the philosophy espoused by NATIONAL REVIEW, is to be disabused of a treasured notion—that you and I are pals.

I am confident I can trust you to do the right thing.

Yours sincerely,
Thomas S. Knox
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Mr. Knox: Now I have a hell of a problem! What do I *do* when your father mentions your name? Will I go to hell for lying? If so, I'll advance your arrival alongside. Cordially, **—WFB**

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CAPITAL SCENE

The Quiet Conservative

MATTHEW SCULLY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE nearest thing to a profile in courage the last congressional session saw came during the debate in May over ratification of the Chemical Weapons Convention. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott (R., Miss.) had come round to supporting the treaty, bringing crucial votes with him, and so the cause was lost. Yet there on the Senate floor was an impassioned Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.), saying, "This treaty . . . makes people feel good to say they have done something about a class of weapons we all abhor. But signing [it] is not going to solve the problem. Hard problems can't be wished away with naïve hopes and tough talk."

Halfway into his first Senate term, Kyl ought by all rights to be viewed as an "obstructionist," one of those narrow conservative ideologues always in the way of responsible governance. It is not surprising that a former aide, Dan Coakley, describes him as "a fighter—a man of principle and absolute integrity." Just about every Republican close to Kyl says this.

Curiously, however, Democrats say basically the same thing. In the chemical-weapons debate, Joseph Biden (D., Del.), who favored the bill, could hardly praise Kyl effusively enough. Somehow Kyl seems to have built up an exemplary conservative record without making enemies or even getting much attention outside Arizona.

One reason for the lack of notice is that he is preoccupied with the forgotten issue: national security. Kyl has argued for sanctions against Russia unless it stops helping Iran's nuclear-weapons program; challenged the Administration to list the IRA and PLO as terrorist organizations; and pushed hard for anti-missile defenses. Unlike other Republicans, Kyl refuses to put budget concerns above defense needs. He warns anyone who will listen that the U.S. is living off the Reagan military buildup, "downsizing" defense at the expense of national security. He wowed Margaret Thatcher at a conference of the New Atlantic Initiative in Prague last year (filling in for Henry Kissinger and, not coincidentally, bringing the NAI's next international gathering to his home town, Phoenix).

How has a man who just 11 years ago was a land- and water-rights lawyer in Phoenix become the leading Republican voice in foreign policy? "First off," Kyl replies, "I am not the leading Republican voice in foreign policy." He cites others, including Arizona colleague John McCain. Mention his widely noted Prague speech and he heaps praise on the speechwriter—following Reagan's advice that you can achieve almost anything in politics provided you let other people take the credit.

This modesty also ensures that he is underrated. "With his issues," says a conservative activist, "he could have a national name by now. Except on technology, he's perfect. He just needs to work on exposure. He could be President someday."

Kyl seems proud of his obscurity, calling himself "an internal leader" in the tradition of his legislative model, former Sen. Sam Nunn (D., Ga.). He comes across as a formidable guy who may indeed, as an aide boasts, lay claim to "the best voice in the Senate." But he is not one for idle talk or idle gestures. Even Kyl's office in the Senate Hart Building has a spruce and spare quality: Just a few pictures of his wife of 33 years and their two children, a shot of his cabin in northern Arizona, a standard-issue desert landscape, and a clock. Either he has no time for redecorating, or he doesn't plan to stay there forever.

The son of a five-term congressman from Iowa, Kyl came to Arizona as a student in college and then law school, and disappeared for the next twenty years into corporate law. He was approached as early as 1974 about running for Congress, but, says Kelly Johnston, his first chief of staff in the House, "he decided to have a life first. He wanted to wait until he'd built up his career and seen his daughters off to college." In 1983, Kyl founded the Arizona Crime Victim Foundation. Three years later, he was elected to the House, with a conservative base in east Phoenix and Scottsdale.

In the House he fell in with Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.), John Kasich (R., Ohio), current Senate colleague Connie Mack (R., Fla.), and others in the informal group known as the Conservative Opportunity Society. He established a quiet but solid reputation. A security advisor to President Bush describes Kyl as "one of the most principled politicians I have ever dealt with. I think that's what makes him so effective. With Kyl, you always knew you were dealing with a serious man, someone who was capable of seeing beyond the next election." When a Senate seat

Kyl warns that the U.S. is living off the Reagan military buildup, 'downsizing' defense at the expense of national security.

Mr. Scully, formerly NR*'s literary editor, is a writer in Arlington, Va.*

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opened up in 1994, Kyl ran and won by a 14-point margin.

He has amassed a conservative record since then—and not just on defense. Although he voted for the budget agreement after criticizing its new spending and new programs, the National Taxpayers Union named him the "Most Frugal Spender" for 1997. "The problem isn't deficits," he says, "the problem is spending." He seeks a constitutional amendment to limit federal spending to 19 per cent of Gross Domestic Product and to require a two-thirds majority for tax increases. He is also working to undo the budget deal's statist restrictions (worthy of Hillary-Care) on Medicare patients' ability to make private contracts with doctors.

His legislative record is impressively principled. He passed a bill to curtail prison litigation—now down by 25 per cent and falling. (In Arizona, inmate suits are down 40 per cent.) He saw through a bill requiring that "Special Masters," the court-appointed potentates who oversee most federal prisons, be paid out of the courts' own budgets. Judges have tried to create a loophole in that 1996 law; so Kyl has prepared another bill to close it. And with cosponsor Dianne Feinstein (D., Calif.), Kyl is author of a Victims Rights Amendment to be taken up by the Judiciary Committee next year.

Kyl made one misstep last year when he turned down the chance to chair the subcommittee on immigration. Because Kyl is wary of unrestricted immigration and had secured five thousand new Border Patrol agents, he was the conservatives' favorite candidate for the post. By turning it down, he handed the job to Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.), an open-borders man who opposes immigration reform. That upset more than a few of Kyl's conservative admirers. Ironically, he went on to chair the subcommittee on technology and terrorism, from which he has made his only real enemies: the casino industry, because of his bill to outlaw Internet gambling, and pornographers still in a lather about his Communications Decency Act a year after the Supreme Court struck it down. (Some conservatives also oppose Kyl's efforts to keep encryption technology out of civilian hands.)

Is all this principle necessary? Kyl could coast along with a lot less zeal. Arizona tends to go easier on its senators than its governors: Kyl and McCain are just the ninth and tenth senators from Arizona in its 85 years of statehood, and two of just five since 1953. But Arizona's conservative reputation needs revising. With a swelling majority of people from elsewhere—including half the state legislature—Arizona can barely be called "the West." In 1996, the state broke a 44-year string by going Democratic in the presidential race (with an assist from Ross Perot). What has worked there for Kyl—tax cuts, judicial reform, and national security—would probably work almost anywhere else.

If Kyl ever acquires a national reputation, it will probably be because security issues have moved to the forefront. He has devoted entire broadcasts of his cable show to them: "Hello, and welcome to *Report to Arizona*. I'm your host, Sen. Jon Kyl. . . . Ballistic missile technology is being sold to rogue nations around the world, but the most troublesome is Russian sales of missile technology to Iran, posing a threat to our troops around the world and allies such as Israel. . . ."

He goes on to describe the technological nuances of missile defense—all in the free air time senators are supposed to use for political puffery. He speaks with gravity and complete confidence that his constituents will understand. Underrated qualities today—but that could change if Kyl's warnings turn out to be correct. □

Cajun Butterknife

BERNADETTE MALONE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"LOOK, my difference with whoever you've been talking to . . . whoever prompted the article . . . is not one of philosophy, it's one of tactics," argues Bob Livingston, the House Appropriations Committee chairman, who repeatedly during our interview returns to the idea that his enemies have prompted *NR*'s interest in him. He's wrong, but it's an understandable mistake—Bob Livingston has a lot of enemies. "He hates us all," confides a prominent conservative Christian lobbyist. A senior Republican strategist charges, "His sellouts have been the most blatant."

The 6'4" Livingston is notorious for temper tantrums and arm-waving orations on the House floor, but his staff has counseled him to stay calm during our interview. Dressed down for the congressional recess in khakis and a blue and white striped shirt, he dismisses his critics with a wave of his hand and an armada of statistics. Four-foot-high charts detail how spending trends under his reign are more frugal than those in the 1960s. He produces a three-page list of his "Legislative Accomplishments" that brags "Repealed Section 155 of the Federal Acquisition Streamlining Act (FASA)," among other obscure but laudable items. Livingston makes an impassioned case, however, that the most important part of his job is passing legislation.

"I gotta get my bills through," he booms, sitting in his homey top-floor suite in the Rayburn House Office Building before a window framing the full frontal view of the U.S. Capitol dome. "I mean, that's the bottom line," he says, warming to his subject. "You count the number of bills I passed this year and you count the number of bills anybody else passed this year. I passed 21; [Commerce Committee Chairman] Tom Bliley probably came in second with 5 or 6, maybe a few more . . . and then everybody else is below that!"

With a lifetime score of 88 out of a possible 100 from the American Conservative Union, Bob Livingston has been a conservative stalwart ever since arriving in Congress in 1977.

Perhaps no other congressional Republican has felt the tension of govern-

Miss Malone is national political reporter for the Evans & Novak Political Report.

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ing more directly than Bob Livingston. With a lifetime score of 88 out of a possible 100 from the American Conservative Union, he has been a conservative stalwart ever since arriving in Congress in 1977 from suburban New Orleans. A passionate anti-Communist, Livingston filed charges with the House Ethics Committee against leftist Rep. Ron Dellums's staff for collaboration with the Marxists in Grenada in 1985. A practicing Catholic, he opposes abortion, gays in the military, and laxity toward crime.

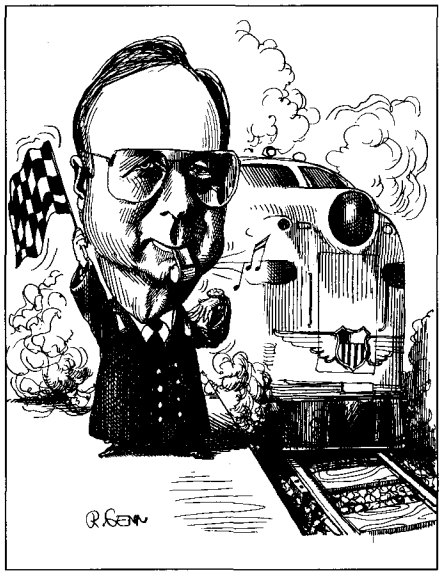
So conservatives rejoiced when, in November 1994, Speaker Gingrich forsook seniority and selected from the Appropriations Committee the fifth-ranking but most fiscally responsible man to lead the "College of Cardinals"—the powerful group of congressmen who decide how to divvy up the spending approved by the Budget Committee. Finally, Republicans thought, an Appropriations Committee chairman who would focus on saving money rather than spending it.

Their first disappointment came when Livingston decided to retain a large number of Democrats on the committee staff. "You can't even get a return phone call from anyone on the Appropriations Committee staff," complains one senior aide who works with them regularly. Livingston emphatically denies that his Democratic employees are a problem: "I can't tell you that there are no Democrats that are partisan but they're all professionals." (His most reviled aide, staff director Jim Dyer, is actually a Bush Republican disdainful of earnestly conservative causes.)

Livingston eliminated 297 federal programs and saved $50 billion in the 104th Congress. But since then the famous "Cajun Scalpel" that Livingston brandished in a flourish in one of his first meetings in 1995 has grown blunt. He is at open war with Republican freshmen and sophomores. And his relations with the House leadership are rocky at best (more than once during the interview Livingston obliquely criticized Majority Leader Dick Armey for his political strategy). Livingston has been bent by the institutional pressures of his committee, which appear to be stronger than anyone's philosophy and represent a long-term obstacle to the enactment of a conservative agenda.

"Bob Livingston has done a darn good job given the position he's in," says a well-respected conservative who works with him. But Livingston has had a direct role in some conservative disappointments. His aversion to conflict with the Senate and the White House makes him reluctant to include Republican policy priorities in his spending bills—even though he usually supports them himself. For example, when conservatives tried to cut from one appropriations bill money that routinely finds its way to overseas abortion clinics, Livingston bawled out a young female staffer who was involved in the effort. Behind the scenes, he balked at House Republicans' insistence on defunding the National Endowment for the Arts, and he protested a plan to ensure that Democrats would not cheat Republicans out of congressional seats by manipulating the 2000 Census. Livingston includes each of the resulting uninspiring compromises in his trophy case of achievements.

Another cause for complaint is Livingston's deference to his deputies, subcommittee chairmen whose ideologies aren't in step with those of the majority of the House Republicans. Subcommittee Chairman John Porter of Illinois was given free rein to write the most controversial of the 13 spending bills: the one that funds the Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education Departments. Porter, an "outrageous liberal" in the words of one congressional staffer, put together a bill only a Democrat could love, which invited an embarrassing barrage from conservatives. (The bill passed.)



Roman Genn

Livingston's hesitance is understandable. Trying to fight President Clinton with appropriations bills prompted the disastrous government shutdown of 1995. "It didn't work!" Livingston exclaims. "We got blamed. . . . That's the press." As one seasoned Republican puts it, "He was hit in the head by a pitch." As a result he seems happy with whatever result he can produce. "People say we haven't gone far enough or fast enough," he says. "I would like to know . . . how in the world they possibly think we could have done better than we've done!"

The letdowns certainly aren't all Livingston's fault. It was more senior colleagues who agreed in the 1997 budget deal to give President Clinton extra spending money in exchange for a tax cut. "If I were left to my own inclinations, I probably wouldn't have given it to him," he says.

Former press secretary Quin Hillyer argues that his old boss would still be drafting tough spending bills were it up to him. The 1995 shutdown "affected Newt Gingrich dramatically; it did not affect Bob much at all," says Hillyer. "He was under orders from Gingrich [in 1996] not to produce a bill that would get vetoed." Livingston is a self-described "Newto-phile" who organized opposition to the failed coup against Gingrich this summer; his loyalty to the Speaker and love of the institution are never questioned.

Livingston is, however, willing to talk tough and protect his own turf. He opposed the House leadership's effort to pass legislation that would ensure that the government never would shut down again, and he avows, "I think [a possible shutdown] is a tool in our arsenal that can and should be used if we absolutely get to a point where we believe in something." Maybe. It definitely increases his power to guide the appropriations process.

The main concern of Livingston's critics, however, is that he wants the trains to run on time—even if their cargo is bad policy. "He acts as if his job in the 105th Congress is to collect Bill Clinton autographs," says Michael Schwartz, director of the Congressional Family Caucus—which is chaired by Rep. Tom Coburn of Oklahoma, one of the notorious rebels of the sophomore class who orchestrated the attack from the right on the Labor & HHS bill. "Most of them haven't served in any legislative body," he sniffs about critics like Coburn. Some of Livingston's old allies are starting to wonder whether he has been in one too long. □

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ON THE SCENE

You Are in Moldova

JOHN BLOOM

Roman Genn

CHISINAU (OR IS IT KISHINEV?)

YOU are in Moldova. Imagine a vast army of Ralph Kramdens outfitted with tiny fedoras. You can't mistake the hat. I call it the Khrushchev Hat. A tiny grey hat, brim turned up all the way around, on a head as fleshy as a sumo wrestler's. Even at close range, you can't imagine how the hat remains on the head. But stay it does as these beefy, nervous, officious denizens of the capital greet you everywhere, offering rides in their taxis, which is to say their personal Ladas and Volgas, since every car in Moldova becomes a taxi for the right price.

"You are in Moldova!" they say, flinging their arms wide, laughing, twinkling. It's both a blessing and a curse. They say it when the phone doesn't work, when the reservation is misplaced, when the road is closed, when there's a lack of hot water. I'm tempted to compare it to the well-known New York gibe, "Welcome to New York," usually uttered after an out-of-towner has been fleeced or snubbed. But "Welcome to New York" is cynical, whereas "You are in Moldova!" is always flung at you with enormous good cheer. I think it's a way of testing the foreigner. I imagine the Khrushchev Hats conferring privately in Moldavian, saying "Let's make sure he *really* knows where he is."

But perhaps I run ahead of you. Perhaps you haven't pondered Moldova lately. Perhaps, during the breakup of the Soviet Union, you failed to notice this little landlocked wedge between Rumania and Ukraine that proclaimed its independence on August 27, 1991, and then promptly fell into endless squabbles about what language should be spoken, what form the government should take, and whether the country should be independent at all. "Civil war" promptly broke out on the east bank of the Dnester River, leading to a more or less permanent state of unrest among 700,000 Ukrainians and Russians who live there, in what is locally called "The Moldovan Left Bank." The Trans-Dnester dissidents—it's a little premature to call them rebels—are led by a dramatic gentleman with the unfortunate name of Igor Smirnov. Among other things, he's in favor of the permanent presence of Russian troops in Moldova, something that not even the Russians want. He's not the only eccentric with a following. In one of the stranger acts of political self-effacement, one small party decided that Moldovans are too immature to govern themselves and should petition Rumania to annex them. Moldovans, in fact, may be the only people in the world who regard Bucharest as a model of prosperity and cosmopolitanism.

I'm happy to say that the Rumanian Annexation Movement failed three years ago, mainly because the Moldovans began to realize that Rumania didn't care for them any more than Russia or Ukraine did. This is in spite of the fact that the national language is now Rumanian. But don't tell a Moldovan that. A Moldovan believes that the national language is Moldavian. In a whisper he *might* admit that for all practical purposes, there is no difference between Moldavian and Rumanian. Why, then, is it called Moldavian, and not Rumanian? Because You Are in Moldova!

I love the good-natured goofiness of the place. Even the name sounds like something invented for a Marx Brothers comedy, some place where Groucho takes over the government while Chico robs the central bank. The capital is Chisinau, but the Russian minority still calls it Kishinev, a difference in nomenclature frequently puzzling to airline baggage agents ("Uh, I don't seem to find any designation for this airport") and Federal Express clerks ("We've never actually sent a package there, but I'm sure we can do it—you're certain they answer to both names?"). Yet the name "Moldova" itself—invented by the Soviets because Stalin wanted a piece of Rumania and could only get it by recognizing ancient claims that this was in fact a separate country—is, strangely, left unchanged.

The main drag of Chisinau is Stefan the Great Boulevard, named for, alas, a fifteenth-century Rumanian monarch. "But he did many great things for Moldova. He built churches." This is said with less than total conviction by Sergey, a regular at the Bar Crizolit—one of the very few watering holes in the city, because Moldovans mostly take their vodka at home. As in most of the smaller cities of the former Soviet Union, restaurants and bars are almost exclusively for the use of a shady class of businessmen who very rarely mention what they actually do for a living. The locals are quick to say "Mafia" when they see them congregate in their ill-fitting slick jackets with droopy epaulets. But I suspect many of them are Mafia poseurs, since gangsterism is regarded as a mark of twisted prestige.

The Moldovan gangster is principally employed in the business of fencing German cars.

Mr. Bloom is a humorist and actor based in New York City.

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The Moldovan gangster, I am told after the second or third vodka, is principally employed in the business of fencing stolen German cars. The Mercedes and the BMW are the vehicles of choice, and they bring a fat price on the streets of Chisinau. "It is a long drive from Germany, and the roads are bad, and you must pay at each border," Sergey explains, anxious for me to understand that he doesn't cheat his customers, but merely adds a proper surcharge for the difficulties involved. His own vehicle is a Land Rover, which he prefers mainly because of its hugeness.

For the fourth vodka, we are joined by a good-natured Russian named Rurik and a mournful soul named Mikhail, who explains during the course of the evening that he's a Moldovan who grew up speaking only Russian; now he's in the unfortunate position of having to learn his native language in order to keep his government job. As he speaks, there are sirens outside, and we watch an official motorcade speed by. It's Boris Yeltsin, as we all know by now, because it's the third time today he has brought traffic to a grinding halt.

"Yeltsin is fat and a drunk," offers Mikhail, "and yet he plays tennis."

We all ponder this Moldovan proverb for a moment, and each bar patron offers an opinion of Yeltsin. Apparently he was photographed recently wearing white tennis shorts, and the Moldovan populace did not find it propitious.

"Yes," concludes Rurik, "he is fat and a drunk. He also jogs."

This appears to settle it, and we move on to the topic most beloved by Moldovan men whenever they congregate—prostitution, and the varieties thereof. It is the most intriguing result of *perestroika*, and at the same time a menace to even well-behaved Moldovan women. The mini-skirt, for example, is widely perceived as an invitation to sex, even when worn by the most innocent-seeming university coed. The young bucks with money, roaming the highways in their Range Rovers and Jeeps, will honk at every girl they see, until one of them consents to climb into the vehicle. These girls are not really hookers, but some sort of transaction is tacitly assumed, and the guys expect to "get away with it" because they can afford a Range Rover or a Jeep.

But the real pros fall into two categories. For foreigners, there are high-priced call girls, "high-priced" being a relative term because the fee never exceeds $100. "And that's for the whole night," says Sergey.

"Are there many of these girls?" I ask.

"There are three."

"Three? Only three? Precisely three?"

"Yes. Three." And Sergey proceeds to give their names. The other men nod. The names are evidently well known.

"And are they incredibly beautiful?"

"No, not so beautiful."

"Are they very young?"

"Late twenties. One is almost forty."

"What makes them the high-priced three?"

"Their waists are 60."

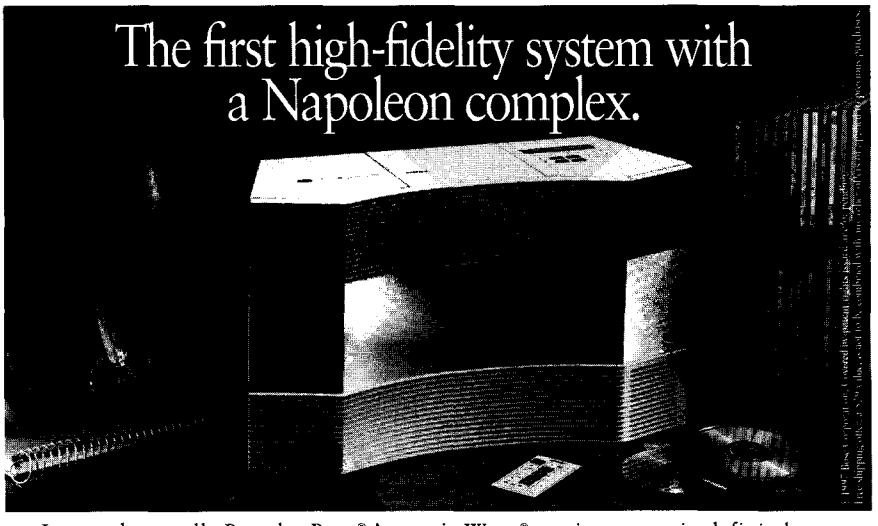
A 60-centimeter waist is apparently one of the rarest things in Moldovan womanhood, and therefore highly prized. At the other extreme are the pros who work the local trade on the outskirts of town. "Very fat. Oral sex only. One dollar. It's not so good. And they are Moldovan, not Russian."

I check Mikhail's reaction to see if he notices this slight insult to his race, but he is unfazed. "This is why Moldovan men prefer Polish hookers," he says with great authority. This appears to settle it. In one conversation we had defined the nature of the dual economy, and proved that it doesn't yet work for the average Moldovan.

MOLDOVA is an unremarkable country—no mountains, no coastline, and a horizon that rolls endlessly, monotonously on, a grassy steppe that was once rich Soviet farmland known for its wine, its tobacco, its sunflowers, and its beets. The wine is still there, an excellent red wine that the Moldovans insist on ruining by serving ice cold in tumblers. The tobacco crop is gone, all but wiped out by the omnipresent Marlboro. The beet still reigns supreme. And the sunflower is actually a source of ethnic strife.

"You ask whether a Russian or Ukrainian can recognize a Moldovan without hearing him speak," says Yuri, a Ward Cleaver sort of Russian in his late forties. "Yes, we can, but only because they are constantly spitting sunflower seeds onto the floors of public places."

It is two nights later, and I am sitting in Yuri's combination dining room/living room/radio-repair shack on an upper floor of one of those ignoble Soviet-style



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apartment buildings. We are sharing an enormous casserole that is composed, I learn later, of fish from the Black Sea, huge quantities of mayonnaise, and beets. At some time during the distant past of Moldova, someone wrote a book called *The Versatile Beet*, and Moldovans heeded the advice. They eat beets with everything—sliced beets, diced beets, beet salads—but I can't get Yuri to discuss the famous Moldovan beet crop. It is strawberry liqueur he wants to talk about. It is the closing of the liqueur distillery that has all his active attention at the moment.

"This wild strawberry liqueur," he says, his anger slowly gathering, "was Moldova's finest product. Even better, I think, than Moldovan wine. It was the finest strawberry liqueur in the world. But it could not survive independence. The factory has closed."

As Yuri speaks, his wife, Elena, serves a dish called "Baby Meat in Barrels," which looks like a sort of ravioli swimming in broth at the bottom of a ceramic pot. Yuri turns up the radio, which is pounding monotonous rave music normally not heard outside of ecstasy-head New York clubs, and pours another flight of vodka. He holds the glass in his hand, deciding on his toast. You're not allowed to pick up your glass until you've made a toast. Not just on the first sip—on *every* sip. Given the amount of vodka consumed by the average Moldovan, this requires great imagination in the toasting department.

"We will toast Gorbachev," says Yuri. "Whatever you think of him, he made it possible for us to be together tonight."

Later Yuri and I watch a little TV together. We watch Country Music Television, which is piped in courtesy of God knows what deal with which Western media company. "Why do we have this?" Yuri asks me.

I'm tempted to say Because You Are in Moldova. Instead I say, "It's popular with American Southerners."

"Southerners?"

"They spit sunflower seeds."

He nods gravely.

Outside we hear the sirens again. Yeltsin's state visit is interminable. "They close the park," says Yuri, "so that Yeltsin can jog. We must be quiet about it. My wife is a Communist."

Later Elena joins us, and talk turns to the new president elected in December 1996, Petru Lucinschi. Elena likes him because he's an ex-Communist. Yuri thinks all politicians in the Nineties are crooks and gangsters. The truth is, it's not quite polite to talk about politics. Elena politely excuses herself and fixes us some Nescafé.

"They have ruined many good things in Moldova," says Yuri, "and now they want to eliminate the Russian language. Why would they do this? It is a technical and a scientific language. If you eliminate it, you eliminate your scientists. Science will go on, but without Moldova."

'Many Moldovans have gone to America.' This obviously bothers him. 'A man can't choose his native land.'

Yuri worked for twenty years in a factory that manufactured computer parts, but since 1993 he has been forced to seek other work, most recently as a radio and TV repairman. He manages to support his family by taking fees under the table, avoiding the massive taxes he would otherwise be forced to pay. "In America this would be a bad job?" he asks.

"No. It would be possible to make a living in America with this job."

He thinks about America. "Many Moldovans have gone to America."

He sips Nescafé. Something about this obviously bothers him.

"A man can't choose his native land."

On my last day in Moldova, I grab a fishburger at the Wam, Chisinau's attempt to duplicate McDonald's. Two television sets offer Ted Turner's Cartoon Network, while loud American music makes it impossible to converse without shouting. Across from me sits Oksana, a dramatic blonde who once worked for Intourist but now represents the National Association for Tourism. She is telling me for the umpteenth time that I should really take a trip to the countryside and see the monasteries, especially the monastery where Stefan the Great is buried. I've spent my entire trip avoiding the monasteries. She hands me a colorful tourist brochure that looks as if it was printed in the Fifties, showing the pastoral Moldovan countryside in pale greens and blues. The cover page beckons in three languages. The English reads: "One is taken with a special Moldavian fascination in winter or in summer, in spring or in autumn. You are begin waited for at any season and will be met as a friend."

"It's very true," I tell her. And I leave for the airport, there to depart in one of Air Moldova's 28-seat Yak 40s.

If you ever fly Air Moldova, you might be startled to find yourself *slowing down* halfway through the takeoff. Don't be alarmed. You weren't taking off at all. This is Air Moldova's way of taxiing from one runway to the next at maximum speed.

Aviation is not one of Moldova's strong points. Somehow, during the reshuffling when the Soviet Union collapsed, Moldova ended up with an Air Force composed of 27 MiG fighters. The United States was so worried about Moldova selling off its air force that we sent an emissary with a half-billion dollars to buy up as many as possible. Fortunately for world peace, America was able to buy 21 of the 27 for a mere $50 million for a simple reason: most of the MiGs, after six years in the Moldovan air force, would no longer fly.

But if they were such a threat to international security, I wondered, and if they were available cheap, why buy only 21 of the 27? Why not end the threat forever? The answer, apparently, is that Moldova wants to defend itself with the six that still *do* fly. The simpler answer, of course, is that you are in Moldova. □

Cold Delegates, Hot Air

FRED L. SMITH

KYOTO

THE Reverend Thomas Malthus is known for his *Essay on Human Population,* in which he predicted that population growth would inevitably outpace food supplies, producing starvation and ecological ruin. Before he died, Malthus recognized that his pessimism was unfounded, and he recanted. But his original take on the question was shared

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by many of the representatives from 160 governments, environmental groups, industry associations and other "NGOs" (non-governmental organizations) who gathered in Kyoto for ten days beginning December 1 to put the finishing touches on an international agreement on global warming. Environmentalists placed three penguin-shaped ice carvings outside the hall with hopes that melting ice-birds would make a wonderful television image. Unfortunately, Mother Nature refused to cooperate; in the chilly weather, the birds stood for days. Greenpeace had similar luck with its solar-powered coffee stand, which was closed for days owing to lack of sun.

This meeting capped months of international negotiations in Bonn and Geneva to limit industrial emissions of carbon dioxide and other gases that environmentalists claim are overheating the planet. Never mind that the computer models upon which these predictions are based could not even predict the present climate.

Spurred by a United Nations scientific report that announced that "the balance of evidence suggests a discernible human influence on global climate," the Clinton Administration embraced the call for an international treaty that would limit emissions by controlling the use of fossil fuels, such as coal, oil, and natural gas. Having failed to implement an energy tax in 1993, the Clinton–Gore team now seek to use supply controls and mandated conservation to produce the same result: higher energy prices. Economists warn that these restrictions could cost approximately $2,000 per household per year.

To the Clinton-Gore Administration, a bad climate treaty was better than nothing.

Although the conference was ostensibly about protecting the Earth's climate, there was clearly a broader agenda to limit economic growth, consumption, and population. As one Japanese environmentalist explained to the *Daily Yomiuri*: "We must halt the current worldwide trend of mass production, mass consumption, and mass disposal. Unless we understand that preventing global warming means giving up our current lifestyle, we will fail."

This antipathy to human consumption didn't lead to the canceling of daily receptions for delegates. Indeed, many environmental ministers were disturbed that the U.S. insisted on holding its briefings at times that interfered with receptions. It would be a shame for all that food to go to waste. However, someone at the conference evidently thought that delegates should experience life under a climate treaty and turned the heat way down. Shivering conference-goers donned their coats inside, and perhaps wished that a little global warming would show itself before the fortnight was over.

For the first week, the cold air clearly affected the negotiations. Developing nations stood firm in opposition to any treaty commitments. With three to five million deaths a year from a lack of safe drinking water in the Third World, delegates from developing nations apparently realized that they have more pressing

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environmental concerns than a potential modest temperature rise a century in the future. Europe and the United States may be wealthy enough to afford an energy starvation diet—and much of Asia certainly was before the markets crashed—but poorer nations are not. Even if exempted from a treaty, they would feel the pinch of slower economic growth and contracting export markets overseas.

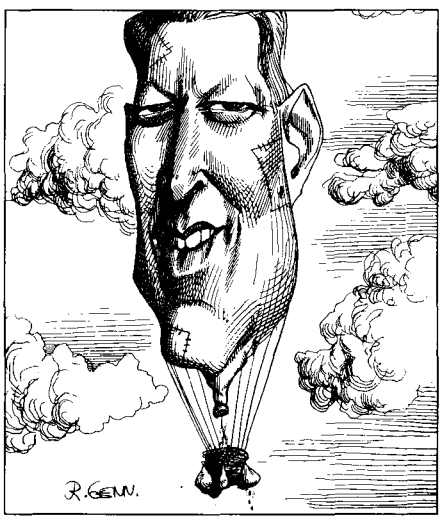
However, Third World participation was of the greatest concern to the U.S. delegation, as President Clinton had insisted that only a global treaty would be acceptable. A Department of Energy study released last summer predicted that if the U.S. were to sign a treaty from which developing countries were exempt, energy-intensive industries would migrate overseas to elude energy-use controls. Moreover, developing nations will be the largest emitters of greenhouse gases in the coming decades as their economies expand.

From day one, U.S. representatives sought to entice the developing nations to cooperate. Even a symbolic commitment to reducing emissions in the future would have sufficed. No dice. When Sen. Joseph Lieberman (D., Conn.) sought to persuade the Chinese delegate that China's involvement was warranted, he received a curt rebuke: "Do you expect us to keep our people poor?" Though Lieberman wouldn't say it, for many Green representatives, the answer was surely yes.

The involvement of developing nations remained a sticking point throughout the first week of negotiations, as did the level of cuts that industrialized nations would accept. Clinton called for reducing emissions to 1990 levels by 2012, close to a 30 per cent cut. The European Community, which will be treated as a single emitter under the treaty, called for more. Shutting down Soviet-era factories throughout Eastern Europe has already curtailed emissions significantly, especially in Germany, leading the Europeans to demand reductions to 85 per cent of 1990 levels. The American delegation, at least at the outset, found this totally unacceptable.

By the time Al Gore arrived to save the negotiations, the weather had warmed and the penguins had begun to melt, as had the resolve of the U.S. negotiators to win any meaningful concessions at the bargaining table. After announcing that "we have reached a fundamentally new stage in the development of human civilization," the Vice President instructed the U.S. delegation to show "flexibility." To the Clinton–Gore Administration, a bad climate treaty was better than no climate treaty.

The final draft commits the United States to reducing emissions of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases to 93 per cent of 1990 levels by 2012, substantially greater cuts than the Clinton Administration first proposed. Accounting for expected increases in energy use, this means that the U.S. will have to cut emissions by more than a third. Other industrialized nations have similar commitments; the European Union must cut emissions to 92 per cent of 1990 levels, and Japan to 94 per cent. Developing nations, such as India, China, Mexico, and Brazil, committed to absolutely nothing.



Roman Genn

Without the participation of the developing nations, the treaty is dead in the Senate. On July 25, the Senate passed a resolution 95 to 0 warning the President against signing any treaty that would exempt overseas competitors and have a significant impact on U.S. economic growth. Were the treaty sent to the Senate in early 1998, it would certainly fail to get the two-thirds support needed for ratification. Thus, Gore announced that the treaty will not be submitted to the Senate for ratification in the foreseeable future.

Instead, the Administration will begin treaty implementation on its own, through budget proposals, new regulations, and further international negotiations. The next Clinton budget is slated to include $5 billion in subsidies and tax credits for ecologically correct energy sources too costly to compete in competitive markets, and possibly new foreign-aid moneys to "encourage" developing nations to climb aboard the global-warming bandwagon. The Administration is also exploring ways to incorporate global-warming policies into other regulatory initiatives.

In addition, another round of international negotiations is scheduled for Buenos Aires in 1998, where Gore will have another opportunity to woo the developing world.

Unfortunately, the Senate position on these matters is neither firm nor strategic. Rather than oppose the very idea of a climate treaty, opponents have listed a set of conditions that must be met for a treaty to be acceptable. Unfortunately, we have seen this pattern before. President Clinton waited more than three years before submitting the Chemical Weapons Convention to the Senate for ratification. (Bush signed the CWC in 1993, and it wasn't ratified until 1997.) By that time the resolve of many treaty opponents had wilted, and it passed. Clinton and Gore will bide their time as environmentalists and their friends in the media continue to proclaim the approach of the greenhouse apocalypse. Eventually, some developing nations will agree to some vague commitments, allowing Clinton (or his successor) to proclaim that the Senate's conditions have been met. The question is, what will the Senate do then? □

The Shadow of a Gunman

JONATHAN STEVENSON

BELFAST

THE Provisional Irish Republican Army's stated reason for bombing London's Canary Wharf in February 1996, ending a 17-month ceasefire, was that Sinn Fein, the IRA's political alter ego, had not been admitted to multi-party talks. After 17 months more of bombing and killing, the IRA declared a second ceasefire last July, and Sinn Fein is now participating in talks that began in September. On December 11, Sinn Fein president Gerry Adams and six delegates met with

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Prime Minister Tony Blair at 10 Downing Street. It was the first meeting between British and republican-Irish leaders at the Prime Minister's residence since Michael Collins signed the treaty that affirmed partition in 1921. But the IRA hard men still are not satisfied.

There is now a confirmed split in the republican movement, the first in more than ten years. Up to 35 members of the IRA (including the quartermaster-general) resigned in late October, and about 30 key Sinn Fein politicians subsequently left the party. Some of the dissidents have now formed the "32-County Sovereignty Committee" and elected Bernadette Sands-McKevitt, sister of hunger-striker Bobby Sands, vice chairman. To gain admission to the talks, Sinn Fein had agreed to the so-called Mitchell Principles, crafted by former Sen. George Mitchell, who is chairing the talks. The Mitchell Principles forbid violence as a means of political change, call for disarmament, and bind those who take part in the talks to any negotiated settlement. The dissenters contend that Sinn Fein violated its constitution in submitting to these restrictions.

The split compelled republican leaders to show their true colors, which differ from the dissidents' only by subtle shades. Sinn Fein councilor Francie Molloy, in an Orwellian attempt to pacify the IRA's militant South Armagh brigade, said that if talks fail "then we simply go back to what we know best." Violence, that is. Adams backed the statement. His endorsement has managed, for the moment, to stifle further public dissent within the republican movement. The implication, however, is that unless republicans get what they want Adams will support a return to violence. Thus, Adams effectively disavowed the Mitchell Principles and admitted that the current ceasefire (like the last one) is merely tactical.

There is now a confirmed split in the republican movement, the first in more than ten years.

This revelation should surprise nobody. The IRA has killed about 1,800 people, roughly a third of them civilians, over the past 28 years in its quest to end British rule in Northern Ireland. Sinn Fein, many of whose key members are ranking IRA men, draws 16 per cent of the vote in Northern Ireland, less than 4 per cent in the Republic of Ireland. The mainly Protestant unionist majority in Northern Ireland favors British rule. Although the largely Catholic nationalist minority wants Irish unity, most Northern nationalists oppose the IRA's tradition of physical force and vote for the Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP). That the IRA and Sinn Fein remain unbowed by these circumstances reflects their lack of any

Mr. Stevenson, an American who has lived in Belfast for four years, is the author of 'We Wrecked the Place': Contemplating an End to the Northern Irish Troubles.

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genuine commitment to the democratic process.

Even with such a commitment, the Northern Irish problem would be intractable. Since social conditions for Catholics have improved during 25 years of direct British rule, the only substantial political issue is sovereignty—which is not susceptible to compromise.

Compromises, of course, have been proposed. Most recently, in February 1995, the British and Irish governments proffered the Framework Document, which postulates cross-border institutions with open-ended powers to be fleshed out by a Belfast–Dublin assembly. To unionists, such a solution spells joint authority, which is a slippery slope to unification. To hard-line republicans, the solution does not delineate a sufficiently clear path to unification. The only player that the Framework Document might satisfy is the SDLP. Yet no comprehensive alternative has so far emerged.

Given these dynamics, it is highly unlikely that talks will produce a settlement. The Rev. Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party has refused to participate, and is pressuring the larger Ulster Unionist Party to withdraw. Candid negotiators concede that they are merely "surfing" through issues without penetrating the difficult problems. Unionists have accused Sinn Fein of "refusing to engage," and vice versa. In short, any perceived progress in the talks is illusory. This paralysis is nothing new, several similar efforts having failed over the past 28 years.

The salient realities are two: 1) terrorism doesn't faze Ulster unionists, and 2) unionists hold the legally operative democratic majority. They already have what they want. Under two Anglo–Irish treaties (1922 and 1985) and an unbroken succession of British governing statutes, the consent of Northern Ireland's majority is required for a change in its constitutional status. Only Sinn Fein refuses outright to recognize the consent principle. But the position of nonviolent nationalists—that Northern Irish citizens should have "equal allegiance" to Britain and Ireland—is as untenable as republicans' insistence on joint authority and eventual Irish unity. Moreover, nationalists' notion of an "agreed Ireland" turns out to be a sedative label for procedural absolutism. According to John Hume, the SDLP's leader, it means that nothing can be agreed until everything is agreed—a prescription for failure in any negotiation.

Thus, it is nationalists who must get real. Why, then, is it the unionists who are continually branded as "obstructionist" and "intransigent"? Their dour truculence and indifferent public relations, in contrast to Sinn Fein's virtuoso command of spin, have a good deal to do with it. But there are more important reasons: Prime Minister Blair is too fearful of IRA bombs in London, and President Clinton too eager for credit as a peacemaker, to encourage nationalists to face hard political facts.

Instead, at Gerry Adams's insistence, they extend "confidence-building measures" to republicans. In September, the White House prevailed upon the Immigration and Naturalization Service to suspend deportation proceedings against

Roman Genn

six former IRA terrorists living in the United States. A few weeks later, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright removed the IRA from the official list of proscribed terrorist organizations, enabling it to raise money legally in the United States. Then Blair shook Adams's hand in Belfast. The British army's elite Parachute Regiment was mustered out of Northern Ireland, and daytime army foot patrols were withdrawn from West Belfast, the IRA's power base. The British government began transferring IRA prisoners from British to Irish jails. And finally, there was the Blair–Adams rendezvous at 10 Downing Street. The IRA mortar-bombed the building in 1991, and disgusted unionists understandably regarded the meeting as proof that terrorism works and as a humiliating rebuff to the democratic process.

Although the meeting produced nothing of substance, its mere occurrence gave the pontifical Adams another "moment in history." Such moments only reinforce nationalists' unrealistic expectations. They have not quelled republican petulance. While Adams may have temporarily muted disaffection, he has done so by affirming the option of violence rather than arguing for unconditionally peaceful politics. In any event, hard-liners have alternatives to Adams. They could start a new breakaway group, which is how the Provisional IRA itself was born in 1970. They might also throw in with the upstart "Continuity IRA." There is evidence to suggest that some IRA defectors have already done so. Earlier this fall the Continuity IRA planted bombs in Markethill and Londonderry. The explosive used was Semtex, which only the Provisional IRA among Irish terrorist groups was thought to possess.

If a negotiated settlement fails to materialize by Blair's May deadline, his fallback position is to impose a settlement. However, if he tries to circumvent unionist consent by tendering the Framework Document as a sub-constitutional solution, as many suspect he will, he might well run into serious parliamentary resistance. In 1912, the prospect of forcing home rule on Ulster's unionist majority precipitated a constitutional crisis spearheaded by the Conservative opposition in Parliament; the result was the partition of Ireland. On the other hand, as Canary Wharf showed, IRA hard-liners will give Gerry Adams's would-be statesmanship only so much time.

London's and Washington's "honest brokerage" has been transmogrified into appeasement without producing an appreciably greater degree of IRA quiescence. Irish Foreign Minister David Andrews has made matters worse by stating imperiously that Dublin envisions cross-border bodies that would function "not unlike a government." Next to such maladroit diplomats, reactionary unionists like Paisley begin to sound sensible. If Scotland and Wales are allowed simple referenda on devolution, he asks, why is Northern Ireland held hostage by a minority of a minority?

The answer is depressingly familiar: the IRA has guns and Semtex, and it is ready to use them. While unionists are willing to defy terrorism, Tony Blair is apparently unwilling to pay the price. □

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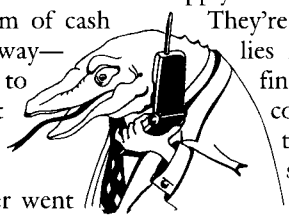
GEKKO

THE Clinton Presidential Library will be the first of its kind with an adult books and films section.

■ A friend and reader called the other day from Alabama to ask what she should do with a large sum of cash that had just come her way—large, that is, in relation to her respectable but modest means. Once she mentioned "cash" and "money-market fund," a little shiver went through me. A lot of people will wish they had more of both in six months' or a year's time. Keep it there, at least for now, I counseled. For myself and my friends in the professional community, there are a lot of opportunities thrown up by the Asian events. But if you're not able or inclined to go short on one side of an investment position, just stay liquid for the moment. Opportunity costs from missed bull runs will be much less depressing than cash losses from the corrections coming our way.



■ And one of those corrections, I believe, is going to be in the bond market, including the Treasury-bond market. You have no doubt read a lot in, say, *USA Today*, or heard a lot on CNBC, about how we're going to a 1 per cent inflation rate and how that must translate into higher bond prices.

Or maybe not. Remember who the customers for the T-bonds have been—leveraged traders and foreign buyers. Both groups have pressures on them that we tend to disregard. The leveraged buyers—that is to say the hedge-fund people and securities dealers—have bought bonds on credit. When short-term rates are at best 10 or 20 basis points less than the rates on the longer-term bonds they are holding, they have very little cushion against which to work. That makes them jumpier than a White House lawyer trying to kick Prozac. They can't make enough on their "carry," or interest margin, to offset any capital losses.

The other set of buyers, across one body of water or another, are conscious (as you are not) of the currency risk of holding Treasury bonds. Your broker (sorry—"financial consultant") may talk about Treasuries' being "risk free," but the crib sheet he's reading from doesn't apply to Mrs. Watanabe or her broker. They're spooked by bear-market rallies in the yen. And if they are financial institutions in some countries across the Pacific, they're likely to bring at least some assets back home to pay some past-due bills before the power gets shut off.

Foreigners have been doing us a favor in recent years. Collectively, Americans have been selling their bonds to the Mrs. Watanabes of the world and putting the cash into our stock market. The narrowly defined government deficit may be going down, but at the same time we need more cash going in to our markets to sustain them. So our dependence on foreigners' willingness to buy our paper is great—and the withdrawal symptoms when they have to cash out will give us a sense of what recovering crack addicts go through.

■ I see that the Korean elite read the last Gekko, slapped its collective forehead, and followed at least some of my advice. They're going to sell off some of the insolvent Korean banks to foreign commercial banks which can spend their vacations translating their credit handbooks into Korean. Even so—*and* with the IMF in the picture—the smart money says the Koreans' mountain of short-term loans will have to be partly rescheduled into longer-term paper and partly defaulted on. That's life.

"Keep up the good work, Wilkens, and there could be an indoor office in it for you."

The Korean people, who are pretty Spartan by nature, think that their problems are due to a crooked elite who borrowed a bunch of dollars and spent them on champagne, Mercedeses, cocaine, and hookers. No, folks, that's the Russian elite. The Korean elite (which does have its ethical challenges) went out and spent the money building semiconductor plants and auto factories on the theory that the products could just be shoved down foreigners' throats. To finance this capital-spending orgy, they put it all on the international-finance equivalent of their Visa cards. They were wrong, but they're not decadent.

Companies such as Samsung, which decided to bull its way into the semiconductor market, have a problem now that they can't buy new equipment. Micron Technologies of Boise can probably cut unit costs faster—thanks to technological improvements it can still afford—than Samsung can benefit from devaluation.

As a group the Koreans lack the charm of Parisian boulevardiers and subtlety in their investment judgment. But they don't lack brains, determination, or courage. Of all the Asian countries, they're in the worst shape and are the most likely to make a big comeback.

■ By the way, I took some heat at the beginning of the year when I suggested it was time to sell short the Canadian ten-year government bond against the equivalent U.S. Treasury. At the time that appeared in Gekko, the Canadian bond was about 200 basis points more expensive than the ten-year. At this writing it's around 8 bp more expensive. I thought it would cross over to a positive spread by the end of the year, but that's close enough for government work. As the Canadian dollar sinks, if we don't get to a positive spread by the end of the year, we will in the first quarter of next year.

Oh, and don't forget to send me a card (or e-mail—dizard@msn.com) to thank me for getting you out of Oxford Health this summer. You did listen to my warning, didn't you?

As for my goldbug friends—just hunker down and hold on at this point. Keep the canned goods stocked and keep the assault rifle lightly oiled—your day is coming soon. —JOHN DIZARD

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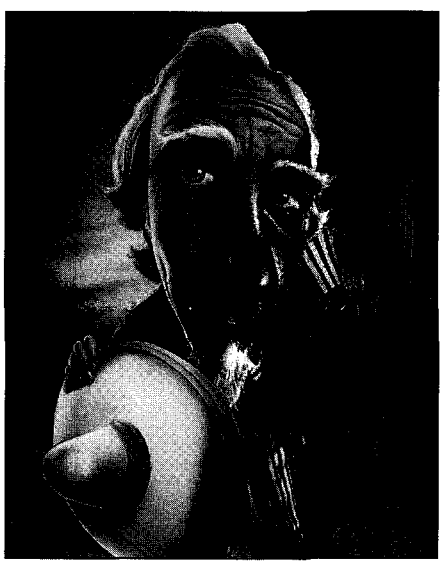
Americans No More?

Can assimilation operate today as it did a century ago? Or is it going into reverse?

SCOTT MCCONNELL

IT TAKES no great imagination for a visitor to Southern California to feel witness to a great tide of history. Heading south toward Los Angeles on U.S. 101, a valley opens up near Oxnard: with coastal mountains surging magnificently on the left, and the Pacific on the right, a driver can see flat green fields stretching for miles. There, stooped at the waist in orderly lines, are hundreds and hundreds of Mexican laborers.

Such a scene, with the mountains and speeding cars and lush fields, was visible thirty years ago as well, but without the same resonance. Americans could think, and many did, about the tedium and difficulty of the farm work and the poverty of the workers, all in a state of such plenty. But today this tableau gives rise to more powerful interpretations. These are more often explored by Mexican intellectuals or Mexican-American activists, but they should be in our minds as well.



Listen to the late Carlos Loret de Mola, writing in *Excélsior*, one of Mexico's leading newspapers: "A peaceful mass of people, hardworking, carries out slowly and patiently an unstoppable invasion, the most important in human history. You cannot give me a similar example of such a large migratory wave by an ant-like multitude, stubborn, unarmed, and carried on in the face of the most powerful and best-armed nation on earth." The result of this migration, he continues, is to return the land "to the jurisdiction of Mexico without the firing of a single shot." For despite the wealth of the United States and its historic ability to absorb immigrants and convert them into Americans, these workers "continue to be Mexican and even to impress their personality on their surroundings." The American upper classes live "in increasing splendor, [but] their luxury . . . marks the beginning of their decadence." The land, Loret de Mola concludes, "ends up in the hands of those who deserve it."

Mr. McConnell is a writer based in New York City.

An exaggeration? A flight of romantic nationalist rhetoric? One would like to think so. But it cannot be shrugged off as easily as it might have been 15 years ago, when it was first published.

Since then, the immigration debate in the United States has grown from infancy to adolescence. Legislation to curb illegal (primarily Mexican) passage across the southern border has been introduced, debated, and passed—with little decisive effect. Competing lobbies battle in Washington. Many politicians huddle somewhere in the middle and, if asked to speak out, stick to well-worn grooves.

Usually, a congressman or senator will oppose illegal immigration—at least in principle. As for legal immigrants, the congressman will tell you, they should assimilate. Assimilation has become the new magic word in the immigration debate, brandished like a cross before a vampire at those who worry out loud about the impact on American national cohesion of large numbers of newcomers from not always compatible cultures. Assimilation evokes the misty past of Ellis Island, through which millions entered, eventually seeing their descendants become as American as George Washington. For those who insist on viewing the present through the Ellis Island prism, today's immigration is full of promising parallels. David Rieff, in his insightful book, *Los Angeles: Capital of the Third World*, tells of the West L.A. bourgeois who sees in today's Mexican immigrants a likeness to the Italians who came through New York early this century. Meanwhile, the simile goes, the well-educated and highly entrepreneurial Koreans and Chinese resemble the Jews (the speaker's own forebears) from Poland and the Pale of Settlement. It is such a reassuring comparison, and these days one hears it often.

But such analogies prove shaky if examined. This one in the first place suffers from a pronounced lack of historical imagination—as if there could be no other relevant model for a mass migration of peoples than the one which took

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The Bermuda Triangle-Sun

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By Sandi Beech
NR *Cruise Correspondent*

NEW YORK, Nov. 29—The *National Review* Office of Cruise Affairs announced today that the magazine's new editor, Rich Lowry—recently appointed by founder William F. Buckley Jr.—has eagerly agreed to attend the journal's forthcoming Bermuda cruise.

"We've seen the future of *NR*, and it's Rich Lowry," said one gleeful Cruise Affairs staffer. "Rich is a fantastic guy, and an expert on 'Who's Who' in Washington. The Bermuda trip will be an incredible opportunity for subscribers to meet him and discuss Capitol Hill politics."

"You should know," he added, "that the first decision Rich made after being appointed by Mr. Buckley was to attend the cruise."

Contacted in *NR*'s Washington Bureau, Mr. Lowry (who takes charge on January 1st) said "I can't put it more simply—I want to be there to spend time with our subscribers in this special setting."

(It won't be the first time Mr. Lowry—highly regarded as the up-and-coming conservative journalist in Washington—will have participated in an *NR* cruise. Indeed, he attended *NR*'s first sea-faring voyage in 1994.)

Mr. Lowry, currently *NR*'s National Political Reporter, will be taking over from John O'Sullivan, who, as reported in the December 8th issue of *National Review*, will be joining Mr. Buckley as the magazine's Editor-at-Large. Mr. O'Sullivan is "moving on" so that he can be "more active in the leadership of the New Atlantic Initiative and the International Conservative Congress."

"O'Sullivan fans shouldn't worry, however," said an *NR* Cruise source. "He will still be joining us on the Bermuda cruise in May."

So far, over 100 cabins have been booked for the trip, and over 500 people have requested cruise Information Kits. "The interest level is tremendous," said Howard Moses, president of The Cruise Authority. "My advice to people who are considering coming is to get their reservation in *pronto*. Deluxe Suites and Premium Staterooms sold out long ago, and the rush is on for everything else, and I mean *everything*."

The National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise is scheduled for May 23–30, 1998, aboard the *Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's *Worldwide Cruises*. "Headlining" the cruise will be *NR*'s **John O'Sullivan** and **Kate O'Beirne,** Judge **Robert Bork**, author **Dinesh D'Souza**, FOX News' **Brit Hume**, California "Proposition 209" champion **Ward Connerly**, *U.S. News & World Report* columnist **John Leo**, syndicated columnist **Mona Charen**, former *NR* Publisher **William Rusher**, and Media Research Center founder **Brent Bozell**.

The ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** will showcase stimulating seminars on media bias and political correctness, plus exclusive events, including several cocktail parties and late-night poolside "smokers" featuring classic **H. Upmann** cigars and top-shelf cognac. Prices for the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** include participation in all *NR* seminars and social events, your stateroom, all meals, plus taxes, port fees, and gratuities, and start at a low $2,024 per person. (Sign up before December 1, 1997, and *NR* will reduce your fare another $100!).

As usual, "single" cabins are available, and if you wish to "share" a cabin with another person, *NR* will gladly play matchmaker and try to set you up with another right-minded "fellow traveler."

To get your FREE copy of the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** Information Kit, call *NR* toll free at: 1-888-335-4001 (before the cabin of your choice is *gone*!).

Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, *NR* Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.

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place from Europe to the United States between 1880 and 1924. Furthermore, it ignores such fundamental factors as today's vastly different American economy, with its narrower paths to upward mobility. It gives short shrift to the history and geography of the American Southwest, and to the proximity and population of Mexico today, as compared to Italy then. Most negligently, it ignores the ideas and attitudes of the Mexican and Mexican-American politicians and activists who speak to—and on behalf of—the new immigrants.

Some who tout assimilation at least acknowledge how large is the wager being placed on it. Peter Salins, whose *Assimilation, American Style* has become a lodestar for Republican advocates of high immigration, admits that intergroup harmony in a multi-ethnic state is fragile and, historically speaking, rare. Only through vigorous assimilation of new immigrants has the United States avoided the strife which has plagued multi-ethnic states throughout history. Meanwhile, not enough assimilation is taking place, Salins contends; the process needs reinvigoration.

He recommends a retreat from bilingual education and re-emphasis on teaching English in the schools, a rooting out of multicultural curriculums to encourage immigrants to adopt a primarily American political identity, and a reinvigoration of the Protestant ethic—which he boils down to a readiness to work hard, make money, and get ahead. Worthy goals all, but given the circumstances of today's immigration, far more easily proposed than accomplished.

TO SEE why a revival of "traditional" assimilation practices will hardly suffice, examine California. The 1990 Census indicated that 38 per cent of America's foreign-born are from Latin America, and well over half of those are from Mexico. The real percentages are probably higher, since illegal aliens avoid the Census, and most illegals come from those regions. If assimilation can be revived it has to be revived among Latinos. The obstacles are daunting.

Economic and material conditions cannot account for the politics of individuals, or of larger groups. But they give important clues. About the circumstances of Mexican-Americans and other Latinos, two points stand out, plain to any observer in Los Angeles, and buttressed by reams of recent social-science data: as a group Latinos are hard-working; also, they are poor. Last year, federal data showed that, for the first time, the Hispanic poverty rate had begun to exceed that of American blacks. In 1995, in the midst of a powerful economic recovery, household income rose for every ethnic group except Hispanics, for whom it dropped 5 per cent. Latinos (the terms Latino and Hispanic are used interchangeably) now make up a quarter of the nation's poor people, and are more than three times as likely to be impoverished than whites. This decline in income has taken place despite high rates of labor-force participation by Latino men, and despite what some researchers hopefully describe as an "emerging" Latino middle class. In California, where Latinos are now approaching one-third of the population, a recent Rand study, *Immigration in a Changing Economy*, reached gloomy conclusions about the economic prospects of immigrants from Mexico and Central America. Their education levels were far lower than those of other immigrants, and they earned about half of what native-born Californians earn.

Thus, for the first time in the history of American immigration, hard work is not leading to economic advancement. Why? Immigrants in service jobs face unrelenting labor-market pressure from more recently arrived immigrants, invariably eager to work for less. In clothing and

For the first time in the history of American immigration, hard work is not leading to economic advancement.

furniture manufacture, where Mexican immigrants are concentrated, wages have dropped $6,000 a year in real terms since 1970; they are dropping for truck drivers and janitors as well. The warnings of the Rand report are echoed by a new Urban Institute study on farm workers, which concluded that "rural poverty in California is being re-created through immigration" and that a constant flow of new low-skilled workers pouring into California's labor camp "*colonias*" would make such poverty more difficult to root out than in the past. (Both Rand and the Urban Institute have long been enthusiasts for immigration.)

The narrowing of the pathways of upward mobility has implications which immigration analysts are only beginning to come to terms with. The Rand study is one of several recent volumes to express worry about the so-called "second generation"—the children of recent immigrants. Alejandro Portes, editor of a just-published book on the subject, asks whether "today's children of immigrants will follow their European predecessors and move into the middle-class mainstream, or whether, on the contrary, their ascent will be blocked and they will join children of earlier black and Puerto Rican migrants as part of an expanded multi-ethnic underclass." Portes's insinuation that it is the responsibility of the host society if immigrants fail to advance ("their ascent will be blocked") is not unusual in this literature, and indeed some scholars recommend that the United States adapt its economy to the needs of the Latino immigrant stream (e.g., by creating more jobs for uneducated workers) rather than shape its immigration policies to American needs.

Nonetheless, the problem of blocked upward mobility is real. Portes and his colleagues argue that the modern American economy is shaped like an hourglass—there are a good number of jobs for unskilled people at the bottom, and a fair number of jobs for the educated at the top. But for those without a college education or special skills, jobs in the middle are scarce. Historian Fred Siegel, in his recent study of three American cities (Los Angeles among them), *The Future Once Happened Here*, notes that first-generation immigrants compare their circumstances to what they left. In the case of those who came from grinding poverty they adjust to the falling wages, sometimes making heroic efforts to hold families together with two or three menial jobs.

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But their children and grandchildren will not compare themselves to those they left behind in Michoacán or the slums of Santo Domingo, but to other U.S. groups. They are unlikely to be content as maids, gardeners, or fruit pickers. But unionized factory jobs, which once provided a step up for the second generation of past waves of immigrants, have been disappearing for decades. Rand, pointing to a growing divergence between skilled and unskilled wages, forecasts that 85 per cent of California's new jobs will require post-secondary education.

And although many Latino immigrants possess an impressive work ethic, the pursuit of higher education has not been a strength of theirs. The Hispanic high-school dropout rate nationwide is 30 per cent—three times the rate for whites and twice the rate for blacks. This has puzzled researchers. Perhaps language is the problem—either failed bilingual-education programs or (as others argue) an insufficient number of them. But the dropout rate for Hispanics born in the United States is even higher than for young immigrants. Among Mexican-Americans, high-school dropout rates actually rise between the second and third generation. This is an astonishing fact, which portends that Hispanic poverty rates will not diminish as the immigrants "assimilate." Scholars who have done field work among young Latinos say that many in the second and third generations see themselves as locked in irremediable conflict with white society, and are quick to deride successful Mexican students as "wannabes." For them, to study hard is to "act white" and exhibit group disloyalty.

The parallels to the well-chronicled cultural patterns in African-American ghettoes are plain enough. And it is worth remembering that it was not generally the black Americans who migrated from the rural South to Northern cities who took part in riots and civil insurrections in the 1960s, but their children and grandchildren.

STILL, the assimilation problem is not simple economics. Even if it were possible to ensure that Latino immigrants would experience the upward mobility that equally unschooled European immigrants managed a hundred years ago, their political assimilation would by no means be assured. The Latino sense of the United States has always been different. As David Rieff puts it, Mexicans arrive with the title-deeds to the land already in their pockets; someone fresh off a pick-up truck in Los Angeles comes to a city where a main boulevard is named for a former Mexican governor, and where most place names reflect the state's Hispanic past. Earl Shorris, in his eloquent panegyric, *Latinos: A Biography of the People*, writes, with evident satisfaction, that Latinos have been more resistant to the melting pot than any other group. Their entry *en masse* into the United States will "test the limits" of the American experiment—a forecast which is hard to dispute.

Two words, "Aztlan" and "Reconquista," hover over the Mexican immigration issue, sometimes at a safe height, sometimes swooping uncomfortably low. Generations of American children have skipped over the Mexican–American War of 1846–48 as a brief skirmish, a blip in a history that includes the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, two World Wars, Korea, and Vietnam. But for Mexicans and Mexican-Americans with a sense of history it was a monumental event. Mexico lost half of its territory to a self-confident and expanding United States. It is true that the territory ceded by Mexico in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was barely populated, and not really administered by Mexico City; it is also true that Mexico itself was a chaotic despotism in 1848.

Nevertheless, Mexicans know in a way that few Americans do that California, Arizona, and New Mexico were lost to them through that treaty; Texas had won its independence 12 years before. The opening pages of Rodolfo Acuna's *Occupied America*—probably the most widely assigned text in the nation's burgeoning Chicano Studies programs—displays a map showing "the Mexican republic" in 1822 reaching up into Kansas and Oklahoma, and including within it Utah, Nevada, and everything west and south of there. The United States' rapid victory in the war has left a mark between the two nations which, as Shorris puts it, few Americans think about and few Mexicans are able to forget. For the latter the conflict is a "devastating loss of face"—in the aftermath of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Americans would speak of Mexicans as docile, and the latter would describe themselves as a people able to endure. To "correct" these perceptions, writes Shorris, has been the primary task of every Mexican-American social activist.

In the late 1960s, a nascent Mexican-American movement adopted for itself the word "Chicano" (which had a connotation of low class) and broke forth with surprising suddenness. Compared to Black Power and to the white New Left, the Chicano movement was a small part of 1960s radicalism (and it has been virtually ignored in many of the recently published histories of that era). But "Chicanismo" left its mark on today's Mexican-American leaders—a group whose power has grown rapidly as their community has swollen in numbers.

In 1968, tens of thousands of Chicano students walked out of barrio high schools in East Los Angeles. It was widely believed that the Brown Berets, a militant group styled on the Black Panthers, had organized the walkout. Similar protests soon followed in Colorado, Texas, and Arizona. This was a new kind of Mexican-American politics, with demands and rhetoric neither linked to the power struggles within Mexico nor focused simply on securing civil rights for Mexican-Americans. Instead, the Chicanos were developing a politics of ethnic and racial identity with a territorial edge. Rejection of assimilation into the American cultural mainstream was its main point. Chicano activists took pride in denying that Columbus "discovered" America; they held up the Aztecs and Mayans as their founding fathers. In 1967, the former professional boxer Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales published an epic poem, *I Am Joaquín*, a telescoped rendering of thousands of years of Chicano history. Read out loud at meetings throughout the Southwest, its message was: "I will never be absorbed." In 1969, the Chicano Youth Liberation Conference convened in Denver; there, amid a flurry of nationalist rhetoric and manifestos, Gonzales declared in defiance of the archaeological evidence that Aztlan, the mythical homeland of the Aztecs, was in the American Southwest.

Later that year MEChA, or Movimiento Estudiantil

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Chicano de Aztlan—a group which exists today on college campuses in ten states—was established. In 1970, in one of the most concrete manifestations of the movement's aims, a political party called La Raza Unida won control of the small town of Crystal City, Texas. As Ignacio García, a sympathetic observer, describes its reign in *Chicanismo* (a new text for Chicano Studies courses): "Bureaucrats, clerks, teachers, administrators, policemen, and a host of other governmental and educational professionals lost their jobs and were replaced by Chicanos sympathetic to the new party. Army recruiters were unwelcome, only UFW lettuce was eaten." After one of the party's leaders won a county judgeship in 1974, court sessions were conducted in Spanish and criminals were given lenient sentences. The courts also harassed non-supportive Mexican-Americans and intimidated Anglo farmers and businessmen.

La Raza Unida did not last, and, like many other radical movements, Chicanismo fell plague to personal rivalries and ideological splits. Its greatest institutional legacy may be the Chicano Studies departments now sprinkled around the country. Radical works like Acuna's *Occupied America* (now in its third edition) are read (in English) by Chicano students; it is rare to find a Chicano Studies text today that does not treat the decline of the movement with remorse.

Some Chicano leaders migrated to the Democratic Party, where, to be sure, they toned down their ethnic rhetoric. But who can doubt that the sentiments expressed in *I Am Joaquín*—which reach deep into the wellsprings of group memory and pride, while rubbing salt into old wounds left by the Anglos—are more alive today than the Port Huron Statement or anything said by Abbie Hoffman? Why should those sentiments evaporate as Latinos see their share of California's and America's population rise? In 1970 Latinos made up 12 per cent of California's population, and Hispanics were not even counted as a distinct category in the national Census. In 1990, Hispanics made up 9 per cent of the nation, and they are expected to be more than a quarter of the U.S. population in two generations. More than 30 per cent of the population of California —the key electoral state—are Latinos; the figure will rise to 40 per cent within this decade.

And, sure enough, among both activists and elected leaders, a good deal of Chicanoist rhetoric lives on. Peter Skerry, one of the country's shrewder analysts of contemporary Mexican-American politics, has labeled Mexican-Americans "the ambivalent minority." He describes them as torn between the impulse to organize and present themselves as an aggrieved racial group, following the model of African Americans, and the countervailing impulse to view themselves as part of the American immigration story, as an ethnic group that will blend in its own way into the United States, as Italians and Irish have. In purely political terms, the aggrieved-minority position has won hands down; one is hard put to find a Mexican-American political leader of consequence who rejects racial quotas for Hispanics, for instance.

But the legacy of Chicano nationalism and Mexican history raises a third possibility: that Mexican-Americans will see themselves as part of the continuum of Mexican civilization. Mexico's proximity makes this a plausible option, in a way that it really is not for American blacks vis-à-vis Africa.

CERTAINLY mainstream Mexican-American politicians use rhetoric laced with a racialism that no Anglo politician these days could get away with. Former State Senator Art Torres paid no great price in public obloquy when he deemed California's Proposition 187 "the last gasp of white America." Torres, now chairman of the state Democratic Committee, had long been viewed as one of the more moderate of Latino politicians—chosen, for instance, as statewide spokesman for the Mondale presidential campaign.

In a way, such rhetoric may be simply common sense: why should a Latino politician, representing a district heavily populated with non-citizens who speak little or no English and who have flouted American laws to enter the country, identify with the retreating Anglo culture? Already by the late 1980s, the concept of "MexAmerica" had acquired a certain legitimacy in academic circles; the term underscored an uncertainty about where Mexico ended and Southern California began. Politicians like Torres began speaking of "reclamation"—asserting that "our modern metropolis is returning to the enduring Pueblo of Los Angeles of years past." Was this not a more realistic assessment of the meaning of the Latino migration than the sunny talk about "assimilation"?

Other leaders speak even more aggressively. Rodolfo Acuna is given to referring to Anglos as Nazis. At a MEChA conference last year, he told listeners, "Right now you are in the Nazi United States of America." His textbook, which dresses up such sentiments in Marxist language, shows that the nation's changing demographics makes America-bashing good business for publishers. Elsewhere on California campuses, the descendants of the Chicanismo generation keep the flames alive. Last year the MEChA student publication, *Voz Fronteriza*, greeted the Republican Convention in San Diego by observing that "a large gathering of racist/fascist European settlers" is planning to convene, in order to forge plans for "genocide and deportation of the

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Mexicano, African, and other oppressed people." The authors declaimed: "Every Mexicano must become an enemy of the colonial settler state." *Voz Fronteriza* gloats when Border Patrol officers are killed in the line of duty; it refers to them as "*migra*" pigs trying to defend "*la frontera falsa*." So speaks the state-funded Latino student press in the California university system.

Slightly bowdlerized, the same attitudes are spread in high-school textbooks. One such work, *Five Hundred Years of Chicano History in Pictures*, edited by Elizabeth Martinez, is used in over three hundred schools throughout the West. Written in Spanish and Spanglish, the work seeks to "celebrate our resistance to being colonized and absorbed by racist empire builders." The authors reserve special venom for the Border Patrol and the Immigration and Naturalization Service, described as "the Gestapo for Mexicans." Nevertheless, the book is optimistic about the future: "Latinos are now realizing that the power to control Aztlan may once again be in their hands."

Two teachers in rural New Mexico were fired this fall for using this textbook and propagandizing in a local MEChA club they had started. (There are Latino communities resistant to this kind of anti-Americanism.) But the book's widespread use in California has gone unchallenged.

IF Chicano activists find solace in the rising numbers of Latinos in "Aztlan," they can also draw satisfaction from the Mexican government's growing reach across the border (unrestrained, apparently, by its financial dependence upon Washington). Mexico once disdained its northward migrants as "*pochos*" whose culture had been coarsened by residence amidst the Anglos. No longer. Mexico's major political parties agree in principle that migrants should no longer forfeit their citizenship by becoming U.S. citizens; they are taking steps to let them vote in Mexican elections. President Ernesto Zedillo recently warned that Mexico will not tolerate "foreign forces enacting laws on Mexicans"—an apparent reference to stepped-up efforts by the U.S. to prevent illegal border crossings. Latinos are responding. California politicians now lead delegations to Mexico City, where they echo such complaints about efforts to stem immigration.

Picture a large and growing population, predominantly Spanish-speaking, wooed by the politicians and voting in the elections of two countries. It is hard to see where this might fit into the assimilation paradigm celebrated by those who favor continued mass immigration.

Even where politics plays no large role, assimilation is slowing or reversing itself. In Los Angeles, immigrant neighborhoods that were once stepping stones into the broader United States are being "re-Mexicanized" (in Fred Siegel's phrase) by a continuing flow of new immigrants, as long-established Mexican-American residents are forced to adapt to the newcomers. This re-Mexicanization is a cultural fact, involving things like the language spoken in public and the music played in the streets. It proceeds without the hard edge of anti-Anglo resentment, but this is often not the case amongst the more Americanized, English-speaking Latino politicians and educators. Assimilation is by no means a one-way street.

A recent study of undergraduates at Berkeley—a group which necessarily includes some of California's most academically successful Latino students—bears this out. The Berkeley report found that many young Latinos, having grown up assimilated in predominantly white neighborhoods, lacked any sort of strong Chicano/Latino identity before entering college. Berkeley changed that—spurring a process of racialization and reawakening ethnic consciousness. Some Latino students described themselves as being "born again" as Chicanos, and finding themselves resentful over what they had lost of Mexican language and culture. Such remorse among third- and fourth-generation immigrants has ample precedent in American history, and need not have political implications. What is new is that such feelings are reinforced and given a political twist by organizations like MEChA, by Chicano Studies departments, by the intrusions of Mexican politicians, and above all by an unceasing flow of new immigrants.

Mexico itself was a chaotic despotism in 1848. Nevertheless, Mexicans know in a way that few Americans do that California, Arizona, and New Mexico were lost to them then.

The assimilation of a wave of new immigrants would seem to require that several things go well at once. Upward mobility may be a necessity. In this century at least, material advancement has become an inextricable part of the "American Dream." Assimilation also requires (as writers like Peter Salins acknowledge) that immigrants and particularly their children use English as a primary language, give their political loyalties to the United States, and embrace the ideals of the Founding Fathers as their own.

THIS triple bankshot was pulled off brilliantly with immigrants from Europe, in a different era. Perhaps it could happen again. But the gradual ascendancy of Spanish over English in East L.A., the declining wages in jobs held by immigrants, and the culture of resistance forged by Chicanos all suggest that something quite different from the old American pattern of assimilation is taking place. Even in relatively mainstream political venues like the National Council of La Raza, delegates courted by leading national Democrats and Republicans chant *¡Viva Mexico!* No one blinks when a moderate like Arturo Vargas, executive director of the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials, points to our changing demographics and says, "We will overwhelm."

And indeed such expressions are, in their way, the most normal and predictable of political sentiments; nationalism after all has been history's vital engine for centuries. What seems off key and nearly inexplicable is the insistence of so many of America's political and intellectual elite that such phenomena are really just an updated version of the Ellis Island experience. □

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THE REAL LESSON OF HONG KONG

Asian Values: Right . . .

The economic turmoil in the Far East is demonstrating which values are virtues—and which are vices.

MILTON FRIEDMAN

ECONOMISTS and social scientists complain that we are at a disadvantage compared to physical and biological scientists because we cannot conduct controlled experiments. However, the experiments that nature throws up can be every bit as instructive as deliberately contrived experiments. Take the fifty-year experiment in economic policy provided by Hong Kong between the end of World War II and this past July, when Hong Kong reverted to China.

In this experiment, Hong Kong represents the experimental treatment; Britain, Israel, and the U.S. serve as controls. Immediately after World War II, Hong Kong had a population of about 600,000. A colony of Britain, it did not receive its freedom after the war as most other colonies did. The reason was obvious: China was next door. If Hong Kong had been set free, it almost surely would have been taken over by China. Instead, Britain retained Hong Kong as a crown colony. After the Communists took control of Mainland China, a flood of refugees came to Hong Kong. Over the next fifty years, the population exploded. Today it is more than six million.

I take Britain as one control because Britain, a benevolent dictator, imposed different policies on Hong Kong from the ones it pursued at home. I take Israel as another control because, like Hong Kong, Israel had a small population at the end of the war and then was inundated by refugees. In both, the population increased by roughly tenfold. In both, the refugees came from races—Chinese and Jewish—that were reputed to be intelligent and commercially able. And those two countries, alike in key respects, adopted very different economic policies. I take the U.S. as a third control because it is the richest country in the world and reputedly the exemplar of free markets.

Hong Kong and Britain. The difference in the economic policies followed by Hong Kong and Britain was a pure accident. The colonial office in Britain happened to send John Cowperthwaite to Hong Kong to serve as its financial secretary. Cowperthwaite was a Scotsman and very much a disciple of Adam Smith. At the time, while Britain was moving to a socialist and welfare state, Cowperthwaite insisted that Hong Kong practice laissez-faire. He refused to impose any tariffs. He insisted on keeping taxes down.

I first visited Hong Kong in 1955, shortly after the initial inflow of refugees. It was a miserable place for most of its inhabitants. The temporary dwellings that the government had thrown up to house the refugees were one-room cells in a multi-story building that was open in the front; one family, one room. The fact that people would accept such miserable living quarters testified to the intensity of their desire to leave Red China.

I met Cowperthwaite in 1963 on my next visit to Hong Kong. I remember asking him about the paucity of statistics. He answered, "If I let them compute those statistics, they'll want to use them for planning." How wise!

Nonetheless, there are some statistics, and in 1960, the earliest date for which I have been able to get them, the average per-capita income in Hong Kong was 28 per cent of that in Great Britain; by 1996, it had risen to 137 per cent of that in Britain. In short, from 1960 to 1996, Hong Kong's per-capita income rose from about one-quarter of Britain's to more than a third larger than Britain's. It's easy to state these figures. It is more difficult to realize their significance. Compare Britain—the birthplace of the Industrial Revolution, the nineteenth-century economic superpower on whose empire the sun never set—with Hong Kong—a spit of land, overcrowded, with no resources except for a great harbor. Yet within four decades the residents of this spit of overcrowded land had achieved for themselves a level of

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income one-third higher than that enjoyed by the residents of its mother country.

I believe that the only plausible explanation for the different rates of growth is socialism in Britain, free enterprise and free markets in Hong Kong. Has anybody got a better explanation? I'd be grateful for any suggestions.

Hong Kong and Israel. The comparison with Israel is in some ways even more interesting than that with Britain. Israel had one major disadvantage and several major advantages compared to Hong Kong. Its major disadvantage was that it had to maintain strong armed forces to meet the threat from the enemies that surrounded it, with whom it fought several wars.

ON THE other hand, Israel had what would be widely regarded as a major advantage, although I don't regard it as such. Israel received much foreign aid from the U.S. government and other governments around the world, and also from Jews living outside Israel—notably, American, South African, and British Jews. According to data that I analyzed during a visit to Israel in 1977, the bulk of its defense costs was being financed by such contributions. In an economist's way of looking at things, military defense is an export industry for Israel. I estimated that the net cost of defense to Israel was something like 10 per cent of its national income. That's a substantial amount. But it's not an intolerable amount.

Beyond this, Israel has a much larger land area—its population density is one-25th that of Hong Kong—and far richer natural resources. Corresponding to Hong Kong's great port, it has a Mediterranean port and a southern port at Eilat. And yet from 1960 to 1996, its average per-capita income went from 60 per cent more than Hong Kong's to 40 per cent less.

Again, the most plausible explanation is that Israel followed a socialist policy and Hong Kong a free-market policy. Government spending in Hong Kong was, at its maximum, about 15 per cent of national income. Government spending in Israel was at times close to 100 per cent of national income. (That may seem an impossibility, but it isn't because of the mysteries of national-income accounting.) The socialist policy was Israel's folly, though it did less harm than the corresponding policy did in Britain, partly, in my opinion, because the British were much more law-abiding.

When I returned from my first visit to Israel in 1962, I summarized my impressions by saying that two traditions were at war in Israel: a hundred-year-old tradition of belief in paternalistic socialist government and of rejection of capitalism and free markets, and a two-thousand-year-old tradition, developed out of the necessities of the Diaspora, of self-reliance and voluntary cooperation, of getting around government controls, of using every ounce of Jewish ingenuity to take advantage of such opportunities as escaped the clumsy grasp of government officials. I concluded that, fortunately for Israel, the older tradition was proving the stronger. Unfortunately for Israel, the older tradition has since lost strength, while the newer tradition has gained. Maybe Mr. Netanyahu can reverse that process, as he appears to want to do.

The real lesson of Hong Kong is that we're using our resources inefficiently.

Hong Kong and the United States. According to the latest figures I have, per-capita income in Hong Kong is almost identical with that in the United States.

That is close to incredible. Here we are—a country of 260 million people that stretches from sea to shining sea, with enormous resources, and a two-hundred-year background of more or less steady growth, supposedly the strongest and richest country in the world, and yet six million people living on a tiny spit of land with negligible resources manage to produce as high a per-capita income. How come?

The explanation is the same as for Britain and Israel. Direct government spending is less than 15 per cent of national income in Hong Kong, more than 40 per cent in the United States. Indirect government spending via regulations and mandates is negligible in Hong Kong but accounts for around 10 per cent of national income in the United States. In both respects, the U.S. differs from Hong Kong less than either Britain or Israel, both of which have even higher government spending as a fraction of national income, and even more intrusive and extensive regulations and mandates, which is presumably why per-capita income in the U.S. is more than a third higher than that in the UK and nearly 80 per cent higher than that in Israel.

We are more productive than Hong Kong. But we have chosen, or been led by the vagaries of politics, to devote roughly half of our resources to activities to which Hong Kong devotes 15 or 20 per cent. Our higher productivity means that we can produce with 50 per cent of our resources the same per-capita income as Hong Kong can produce with 80 to 85 per cent of its resources.

The real lesson of Hong Kong for the U.S. is that we're using our resources inefficiently. Our government is spending our money to subsidize tobacco and to penalize smoking; to subsidize child-bearing and to discourage child-bearing; to build new housing and to tear down housing; to subsidize agriculture and to penalize agriculture; and on and on. Not to mention converting square miles of forests into billions of paper forms, and spending many man-years of labor filling them out and then filing them.

In the process, government tends to neglect its basic function: as I once put it, "to protect our freedom both from the enemies outside our gates and from our fellow citizens: to preserve law and order, to enforce private contracts, to foster competitive markets." □

. . . and Wrong

WILLIAM MCGURN

AS an imperfect but believing member of a church that is itself founded upon miracles, I can claim to believe in them. And as a holder of a number of Asian stocks and mutual funds, moreover, on occasion I find myself praying for them. But when the word "miracle" is invoked to explain

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the economic performance of a given country, I feel myself inwardly recoiling, like a freemason who has inexplicably found himself at Lourdes.

As applied to this part of the world, "miracles" first gained currency three years ago in a remarkable book published by the World Bank. Called *The East Asian Miracle*, its topic was the relationship between government, the private sector, and the market. And no doubt about it, the growth *had* been phenomenal: since 1960 the eight countries in question—Japan, Singapore, Hong Kong, Malaysia, South Korea, Indonesia, Thailand, and Taiwan—had collectively experienced more than twice as much growth as the rest of East Asia, roughly three times as much as Latin America and South Asia, and five times as much as Sub-Saharan Africa.

So what accounted for the success of South Korea's planning as opposed to the socialist varieties?

In the course of 387 pages the Bank argued that this success was not as magical as it might appear, and in fact that "in large measure" it was achieved by "getting the basics right." Unfortunately for Asia, what stuck in people's minds was not the straightforward explanation about fundamentals but the word "miracle." This in turn led to all manner of extravagant claims about "Asian values" and the idea that Western concepts such as competition really didn't apply. Today, with regional stock markets and currencies having shed a third of their value since summer, the haughtiness is gone. In its place is a pessimism that is arguably as unjustified as the excessive enthusiasm that preceded it.

In truth there are two crises in Asia today. The first, and more important, is a structural crisis that became apparent with the collapse of Thailand's currency but in fact dates further back, to the collapse of Japan's bubble economy in the early 1990s. In the seven years since that collapse Japan has dithered, treating it as simply another business cycle and coming up with spending package after spending package—some 60 trillion yen in all (about $500 billion at today's rates)—in a futile attempt to jump-start growth. Given that many of Asia's economies have adapted the Japanese model to their own needs, it should not be surprising that their own inefficiencies are now coming to the surface.

The other crisis, faced by countries such as Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Singapore is related but far more prosaic. Their markets had been fueled by the same exuberance that had lifted their neighbors. But though their growth rates are being ratcheted down, their economies are generally far more open and more healthy than those of Korea and Japan, which will have to change not only their policies but their entire approach to economics.

Though critics have been crawling out of the woodwork in the last month or so, until recently the Korean model was the darling of the development theorists. In the many years I have been in Asia the phrase was always "Korean miracle." Without doubt South Korea's success in picking itself up from a devastating civil war to become the world's 11th-largest trading nation is a powerful story. But whenever one countered with the equally compelling story of Hong Kong, the word was not miracle but aberration. In my experience everyone wanted to hear about Korea, even though its income per capita was the lowest of the four tigers' (Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, South Korea); at $8,260, it still remains less than half that of Hong Kong. Yet whenever Hong Kong is cited as a model the objection is raised that it is unique: because it was a colony, because it is near China, because it had no defense to speak of, etc.

My own guess is that the bias is entirely understandable. In Hong Kong, bureaucrats and planners had almost no role. But the Korean model operates on a completely different set of principles. It dates from 1961, when Park Chung Hee came to power in a military coup determined to raise his country from the ashes. Like most technocrats, Park associated wealth with heavy industry: steel factories, auto works, etc., and he marshaled the country's resources in that direction. There would be none of this trusting the marketplace to sort out winners and losers. The government knew what industries were needed, and those that were favored received credit while those that were deemed frivolous withered on the vine.

Like the Japanese model, the Korean model rested on three pillars. First, a bias toward the bigness that bureaucrats thought would guarantee economies of scale. Second, the idea that banks would not evaluate risk and credit as their counterparts did in the West but would rather serve as policy arms of the government. Third, that growth would be paid for by the public, by suppressing consumption. "Guided capitalism," they called it, and though stubborn market types like me might in our tiresome way point out that it came with huge opportunity costs, it did work in the sense that the countries based on this model did develop.

SO what accounted for the success of this planning as opposed to the socialist varieties? The answer is simple. In contrast to other planned economies, Japan, Korea, Indonesia, Malaysia, et al. required that the companies supported be competitive in overseas markets. Instead of trying to preserve the foreign-exchange balance by curbing imports, the tiger economies like Korea did so by boosting exports, hence ensuring that their companies were more competitive.

The result was fabulous growth in exports plus a gleaming array of new factories. It was hard to argue against. In Hong Kong the typical entrepreneur has a 5- to 10-man trading company in a grotty concrete building in Mongkok. In Korea, however, the visible signs of development were all modern-looking: gleaming factories, modern skyscrapers, roads full of new cars, etc. If it was more attractive to foreign theorists, this was in good part because it literally *looked* more attractive.

In theory it worked like clockwork. As long as the consumers did not revolt, countries like Japan and Korea were able to create internationally competi-

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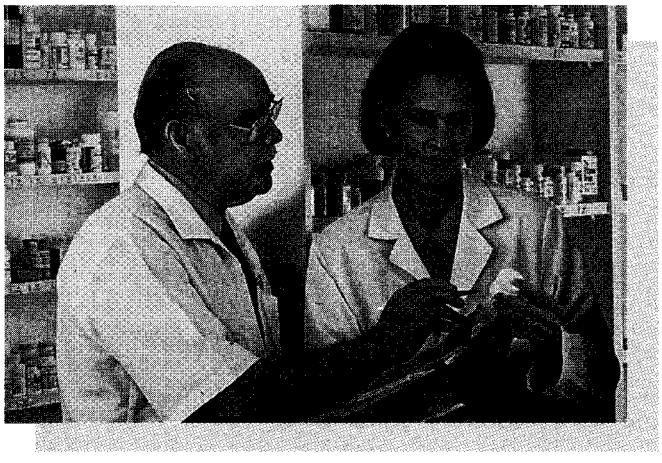
Pfizer forum

Do (more and better) medicines keep people out of hospitals?

BY DR. FRANK LICHTENBERG

An American economist reports his findings that increased spending on pharmaceuticals can reduce the need for more expensive and invasive treatments, and thus lower aggregate health expenditures.

In a recent econometric study of all drugs prescribed in physicians' offices in the United States, I found that increased spending on pharmaceutical products is linked to substantial savings in health care costs, in particular by reducing hospitalisation. The study goes beyond individual case studies that have demonstrated the efficacy and cost-effectiveness of particular medications. In the present analysis, information was assembled at the national level on all prescriptions, hospitalisations, surgery, and mortality from several representative surveys conducted by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services for 1980 and 1991. The data were classified by illness category, such as "hypertensive disease" and "pneumonia and influenza", and I focused the study on the amount of change between 1980 and 1991. The main objective of the analysis was to probe for the existence of a systematic relationship between changes in the drugs prescribed for each illness and changes in hospital use, surgery, and mortality associated with the illness.



The results of the study show that within illness categories, higher-than-average rates of prescribing are associated with fewer hospital admissions and shorter hospital stays.

Controlling for the possible effects of other changes, it appears that an increase of 100 prescriptions is associated with 1.48 fewer hospital admissions and 16.3 fewer hospital days. High volumes of drug prescriptions are also associated with lower rates of inpatient surgery.

The study also examines the impact of another aspect of prescribing: the extent of change from 1980 to 1991 in the kinds of medications prescribed for a particular illness. The key finding here is that along with the sheer volume of prescriptions, the "novelty" of the medications prescribed was also associated with reduced hospital use. Interestingly, though, the definition of novelty used was the actual measure of the change in the types of drugs prescribed, and thus the measure would rise even with changes in prescribing that is related to new use of old drugs. Therefore, "novelty" broadly represents new approaches to drug therapy, rather than being strictly limited to new biochemical entities resulting from pharmaceutical research.

As for the impact on mortality, the results were somewhat mixed, depending on what measure of mortality was used: the overall number of deaths decreased by 83 for every 100,000 increase in prescriptions, while life expectancy showed virtually no effect. At the very least, however, this indicates that no adverse effect in terms of mortality resulted from the decrease in hospital utilisation.

A lower rate of physician referral was also associated with relatively high levels of prescribing. In addition, there appears to be no association between prescribing and ambulatory surgery. This suggests that the reduction in inpatient surgery linked to prescription volume, mentioned earlier, was not simply a shift in the venue of surgery from inpatient to ambulatory settings, but actually reflects an overall decrease in the volume of surgery.

An additional compelling result of the study is that not only did additional expenditures on pharmaceutical products reduce aggregate health care costs, but also that the magnitude of the savings was substantial. Indeed, the broad results suggest that every additional dollar spent on drugs was associated with several dollars of savings in the aggregate cost of hospital care. Although it would not be correct to infer from these findings that spending more on prescriptions and drug development is a painless method for reducing health care costs, the study does demonstrate the pharmaceutical industry's contribution to keeping health expenditures in check.

Based on common experience with the effectiveness - and often dramatic impact - of drugs, the findings of econometric analysis should not be terribly surprising. But the broad perspective of this study, encompassing essentially the entire pharmaceutical industry, and finding a substantial favourable impact on health care costs, adds another dimension to understanding the role of drug products in the health care marketplace.

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tive economies on the back of suppressed earnings. But as the world economy became more complicated and the running of these economies more cumbersome, the system itself became a threat to competitiveness. On paper the advantage of cheap capital was that it could be channeled to companies where it was needed; in practice this meant that capital was often steered to the politically connected rather than the economically meritorious. As the world is now discovering, financial institutions that never used traditional criteria such as risk analysis found themselves saddled with an ever-greater number of non-performing loans.

We still don't know the real extent of this indebtedness. Indeed, global markets that winked at this system so long as the returns were coming in are now asking the tough questions, and forcing the issue in a Japan that once thought itself immune from outside pressure. When Yamaichi Securities went bust last month, for example, it was largely because Moody's had lowered its rating, which in turn made it impossible for Yamaichi to get the short-term credit that is the lifeblood of any financial institution.

Hong Kong, Singapore, and Taiwan have largely been spared these problems, because they have not put all their eggs in the planning basket. The relative openness of the trading systems has brought a welcome discipline. It has also ensured gains in overall market efficiency. Indeed, although Taiwan started out on the Korean path and still competes in many of the same export markets, it has not allowed itself to become dominated by a few huge conglomerates. To the contrary, as Taiwan continues to liberalize, small and medium-sized firms are becoming ever more significant players in the overall economy.

In the end, it may be too harsh to say, as MIT's Paul Krugman did—*before* this year's meltdown—that the Asian miracle was at bottom the result only of increased inputs into the system, little different from the early spectacular gains of Soviet industry. There were virtues to the Asian way of doing things, primarily to a belief in hard work and enterprise supported by public structures that had little concern for individual welfare, a virtue well worth keeping. It's just time they applied it to companies as well as consumers. □

Beyond 'It's a Baby'

If pro-lifers give more thought to women's needs, they will serve children better as well.

FREDERICA MATHEWES-GREEN

"THIS week is anti-choice week at UB," wrote Michelle Goldberg, a staffer with the student paper *The Spectrum* at the University of Buffalo in New York. "If you see one of them showing their disgusting videos or playing with toy fetuses, do your part and spit at them. Kick them in the head."

In my travels to college campuses—Yale, Princeton, Bryn Mawr, Brown, Wellesley, et al.—no pro-choicer has actually kicked me in the head, but a few have looked as if they'd like to. A few more have delivered dark imprecations in the question-and-answer period, occasionally disguised as questions. And a few more have just glowered at me threateningly, like the wicked witch before the bucket of water hit her.

But most pro-choicers I've met have been distressed, saddened, and deeply ambivalent about abortion. I recall the black woman at an Oregon college who during our question period confessed that she wasn't really in favor of abortion, even thought that it was generally a bad thing, but necessary because "If I got pregnant, nobody would adopt my baby." This is not only false—babies of every color are adopted quickly—it is sad, and reveals the loneliness and fear of abandonment that lie behind many abortions. "Nobody wants my baby" has echoes of "Nobody wants me."

Similarly, a woman whom I'd seen gleefully leading pro-choice chants at a rally was holding forth on her other cause, the evil of child abuse. I asked her why her concern didn't extend to unborn children. She hesitated, then replied with disarming honesty, "It's even worse than that. You see, I think I believe life begins at conception. I can't help thinking, if it's a baby after it's born, what is it a week before it's born? A month before? Where's the dividing line?"

Mrs. Mathewes-Green is a columnist for Christianity Today.

I've found pro-choicers to be ambivalent not only about the unborn, but about the pain abortion causes women. That is why I've concluded that the usual pro-life message is ultimately ineffective. The usual message is brief and insistent: "It's a baby." Most pro-life communication pushes that message with unwavering persistence: precious-feet lapel pins, "Abortion Stops a Beating Heart" bumperstickers, billboards showing a row of babies, each third one ghosted over, with the legend, "Every third baby dies from choice."

It is the truth, of course, and it is a horrible truth; that's why most pro-choicers who are thoughtful people are troubled about abortion. It was that truth that flipped me over many years ago, back when I was a standard-issue, not-amused, hairy-legged women's libber, and eagerly pro-abortion (none of that sissy "pro-choice" stuff for me).

But then I read an article in *Esquire* magazine titled "What I Saw at the Abortion," in which surgeon Richard Selzer described the twitching of a poison syringe that had been plunged into a pregnant woman's abdomen. That was enough to convince me. It was indeed a baby, and abortion made it die. No way could I reconcile that with my overriding conviction that it was wrong to use violence to solve social problems. Could that be me in the mirror: vegetarian, anti-death-penalty, sprinkled with anti-war buttons, yet in favor of the killing of our own children?

Most pro-choicers I've met have been distressed, saddened, and deeply ambivalent about abortion.

The mystery is not that "It's a baby" troubles and disturbs; the mystery is

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that, for so many, it doesn't disturb enough. Not enough, that is, to convince them that abortion should be illegal. Polls regularly show three-quarters agreement with statements like "The fetus is a human baby and killing it is always wrong," and also show two-thirds agreement with "Society should have no say in whether a woman has an abortion." An *L.A. Times* poll a few years ago showed 57 per cent of respondents willing to call abortion "murder"—a charged term that thoughtful pro-lifers avoid. (Intriguingly, a more recent CBS News poll found that those most likely to call abortion murder are between 18 and 29 years old.) But among those willing to use the term were a fourth of those who generally favored abortion and a full third of the women who admitted to having had an abortion themselves.

The problem is that "It's a baby" winds up in deadlock with "It's a woman's right." The two statements do not refute each other, and so no resolution is possible. What's more, they continue a pernicious fallacy, that deadly conflict between women and children is a normal state of affairs.

In no sane country are women and their own children assumed to be mortal enemies; any culture that so assumes is slowly committing suicide. This is true both literally and symbolically as well. When we accept as normal the ripping of a child from the mother's womb, we violate something disturbingly close to the heart of the human story. In the land where women kill their unborn children, every lesser love grows frail.

The problem with "It's a baby" is that it's answering a question no one is asking. Since the widespread arrival of ultrasonography, no one doubts that the life in the womb is a baby. The real question to ask about abortion is, "But how could we live without it?"

Proving that it's possible to "live without it" will require a step that's somewhat unusual; we don't need so much to change what we do as what we say. There are three thousand pro-life pregnancy-care centers across the country, where volunteers do the best they can to provide women with the basics—clothing, shelter, and medical care—and with more specific aid like job training, adoption counseling, and assistance resolving post-abortion grief. The pregnancy-care movement is more than thirty years old, and such help centers far outnumber politically oriented pro-life groups.

But It's-a-Baby thinking has tenacious roots. I once asked a stalwart pro-life congressman why he agreed to serve on the board of a pregnancy-care center. Why did he think that work was important? He answered that we have to "convince more Americans that the destruction of unborn children is unjust . . . and we can do that through crisis-pregnancy ministries."

A mental train had just jumped the track. Crisis-pregnancy services don't demonstrate anything about injustice or the sanctity of fetal life. They just demonstrate a commitment to helping women love their own children to life. Yet the impulse to switch back to the default "It's a baby" position is so strong that even someone well-informed and supportive of services to pregnant women couldn't resist the pull.

THIS is not to pretend that a national transition to "living without it" is going to be easy. Abortion is so entrenched in the cultural milieu, is so handy for resolving problems (resolving them the easy way, inside women's bodies), that the average person reels when imagining the disruption that would follow if it were unavailable. Abortion is the handmaiden of the sexual revolution, that great male victory in the war between the sexes. As feminist poet Adrienne Rich says, "The so-called sexual revolution of the Sixties [was] briefly believed to be congruent with the liberation of women . . . it did not mean that we were free to discover our own sexuality, but rather that we were expected to behave according to male notions of female sexuality."

Scientists have finally discovered the cause of unplanned pregnancy: sex. When sexual relations take place in a relationship lacking emotional commitment, any unsought pregnancy is much more likely to be difficult. Abortion allows the *Playboy*-friendly status quo to continue, disposing of the ties that might bind.

The problem is that women's sexuality is deeply tied to commitment and emotional stability, and in this bad bargain women lose. Abortion severs two relationships at once, the woman from her lover and from her child. No wonder pro-choice slogans ring with first-person-singulars: my right, my decision, my body, my choice. The flip side of autonomy is loneliness. Abortion promises to make a woman unfettered, empowered, and free; instead she finds herself isolated, endangered, and sad. And condoms don't solve this problem: you can't put a condom on your heart.

Living without abortion means restoring the sexual balance of power, with respect for women's need for commitment and security—in short, abstinence before and fidelity within marriage. It also means supporting women who get pregnant nevertheless, with pregnancy-care services and adoption counseling.

While the financial and practical needs of these women are great, the surprising thing I learned while researching *Real Choices: Listening to Women, Looking for Alternatives to Abortion* was that women said what they needed most was a friend. As I traveled the country holding "listening groups" with women who had had abortions, I always asked, "What situation caused you to make this decision?" I expected to hear tales of financial woe, yet nearly 90 per cent of the women told me they had had their abortion because of a relationship—because someone they loved, a boyfriend or a parent, told them to. When asked what anyone could have done to help them complete the pregnancy, over and over the answer was: Just stand by me. "I would have had that baby," I heard repeatedly, "if only I'd had one person to stand by me." Pregnancy-care centers may run short of diapers, maternity dresses, and doctor fees, and but as long as they can keep the doors open and the lights on they can do that one necessary thing: be that friend.

When I've spoken at colleges and elsewhere, I've found that talking about the women's needs and problems has a disarming and opening effect. Even many who are hostile will say, "I agree

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with you about all that, but I just don't think abortion should be illegal." If we can agree about all the foregoing, we've come a long way indeed. I do think abortion should be illegal—in any civilization, laws protecting the weak from the strong belong to the irreducible core of justice. But I don't know if I'll see such laws in my lifetime. I'm convinced we can do much to prevent abortions even while the regime of legal availability remains. Tomorrow morning, 4,100 women will wake up and think, "My abortion is today." An amendment to the Constitution is not going to suddenly appear and halt them; in fact, if we miraculously padlocked all the abortion clinics tomorrow, without making any changes in our support system, all we'd have is women banging on the locked doors and crying. We wouldn't have done anything to alleviate the problems that drove them to the clinic in the first place. What can we do to help them?

ONE thing I don't do any more is debates. Too often these amount to verbal mud-wrestling, a spectacle put on for entertainment, not elucidation. They entrench positions around cheering sections, rather than lead to consensus and change. Besides, an access of cleverness doesn't lead to success; you can't beat someone up until she agrees with you.

Instead, I've become involved with dialogues. Through the Common Ground Network for Life and Choice, based in Washington, D.C., I can meet, for respectful dialogue, with a group of pro-lifers and pro-choicers. We don't expect to change minds immediately or to agree, but we do seek to comprehend each other's beliefs; we try to clear away the misunderstandings so that we can arrive at genuine, honest disagreement. I've learned a lot there. When I look across the table at a pro-choicer, I don't see a fiend who deserves a "kick in the head"; I see someone troubled by the grim reality of abortion, and seeking a solution she can live with.

I think I've found that solution. I can never doubt my conviction that abortion is a bloody horror, death to children and living death to their mothers. But I know from experience that, at these charged moments, careful listening is the most necessary thing. Because in the pro-choicer I see not only my enemy, and my friend; I see, across the span of twenty years, myself. □

God and Man At St. Grottlesex . . .

At many prominent boarding schools, Christianity is slowly being forgotten.

ANDREW OLIVER

DURING the 1960s and '70s, America's elite boarding schools were tempted by social upheaval to stray from their Christian foundations. Many succumbed. Choate Rosemary Hall, which was founded in 1890 by an Anglican priest, decided to do away with compulsory daily chapel and replace it with an interdenominational and intercredal service on the second Thursday of each month. And Choate's religion department now boasts a catalogue of courses on Buddhism, Hinduism, and Taoism. The Lawrenceville School in New Jersey reduced required chapel attendance to twice a term (even as a new pipe organ was being installed in the Chapel) and no longer sings the school hymn because, according to a school spokesman, it is too "Christocentric in nature."

The situation at Choate and Lawrenceville is by no means unusual. In *Nearer, My God*, William F. Buckley Jr. examines the state of religion at a dozen New England prep schools and finds evidence of a general collapse. Over the last several decades, a number of schools, including Phillips Exeter and Deerfield, have eliminated compulsory chapel attendance. And most other schools—e.g., Milton, Hotchkiss, St. Paul's, Brooks, St. George's—reduced their religion requirements by varying degrees. In fact, Groton School is exceptional for having maintained an Episcopal religious tradition which includes required daily chapel five times a week, Sunday chapel (or the equivalent for Catholic and Jewish students), courses in Bible studies and ethics, and grace before meals.

Most of the boarding schools in the Northeast had, before the 1960s, a religious culture which actively affirmed the truth of Christianity. Bible classes provided an intellectual foundation for faith; daily chapel services taught students to practice their faith, and conveyed to them the idea that religion was something real—not something of merely academic or historical interest. In fact, religion was perceived to be sufficiently important that students were, to a certain extent, selected on its basis. The major boarding schools were populated almost exclusively by the sons of prominent American Protestants.

In the 1960s, the schools began to broaden their student bodies. The sons of prominent Catholics and Jews were increasingly being admitted. Then the sons of less prominent Americans. And then the daughters. Finally, the schools began attracting interest internationally. Today, foreigners account for nearly 12 per cent of the students in these schools. Unfortunately, as the schools have diversified their student bodies, they have, for the most part, become timid about defending their identity as Christian schools.

The Lawrenceville School no longer sings the school hymn because it is too 'Christocentric in nature.'

Almost without exception, the schools continue to offer courses in religious subjects loosely defined. It's true that Taft's classification in the religion category of its course Race, Class, and Gender in American Society is a bit of a stretch, but then Taft is one of the few

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boarding schools that has never been affiliated with any religious denomination. However, while the boarding schools tend to offer basic courses in the Bible and the Judaeo-Christian tradition, except at Groton, Kent, and St. George's these sorts of courses are no longer required. At some schools students must take a minimum number of religion courses. But these can often be selected from catalogues with an impressive variety of choices. For example,

. . . and at Yale

WEARING a black yarmulke and a black leather jacket and starched white shirt over his Biblically mandated fringed garment, Yale freshman Elisha Dov Hack appears to have nothing in common with the usual diversity agitators. But Hack is the public face of a group who call themselves the Yale Five. The echoes of civil-rights fighters are not accidental: the students, all Orthodox Jews, see themselves as combating yet another form of discrimination.

Yale requires all students to live in residential colleges their first two years. The university believes the colleges are integral parts of the Yale experience. The Yale Five, however, see the dorms as sin shacks, and claim their religion requires a degree of sexual modesty incompatible with college life.

After failing in a nationally publicized attempt to browbeat Yale into exempting them from the housing requirement, the Five retained the services of Nat Lewin, perhaps the most distinguished constitutional lawyer in the country. His championing the students raises the stakes; the outcome of this case will resonate far beyond New Haven.

Which is just what the Yale Five are after. Hack says they are fighting the residence requirement because "part of what we're doing is consciousness raising . . . which is also why we went to the media."

Indeed, the group's methods come straight from the playbook of political correctness. Since they can't cite anything the university *does* that actually *prevents* them from practicing their faith, feelings come to the forefront. "I'm upset and hurt by this requirement that I live in the dorms," Hack wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed piece in September. Their lawsuit scolds Yale for failing to "appreciate their contributions to the richness of the Yale community."

The students' interpretation of Judaism is certainly a marginal one. Roughly sixty Orthodox Jews live in the Yale colleges calmly, practicing modesty and chastity. So the creed Yale stands accused of discriminating against isn't that just of a minority, but of a minority of a minority of a minority. But this doesn't worry Hack.

"They don't *feel* they have a problem," Hack says of the other Orthodox Jews, his voice rising. "I *feel* I do have a problem. It's a question of how you feel."

Hack admits he's never seen a naked, or even semi-clad, woman in the colleges. Nor has he witnessed any sort of indecent act. This isn't surprising: none of the plaintiffs has spent a single night in the dorms, choosing instead to live off campus and pay for a dorm room until the case is resolved. Their descriptions of the lasciviousness of campus life stem mostly from imagination and fear.

To be sure, promiscuity is all too common among America's college students. But if Hack had spent some time at his assigned lodgings in Lawrence College, perhaps he would have thought twice about characterizing Yale as "Sodom and Gomorrah." The whole floor, composed of two corridors with about six rooms off each, is single-sex. The suite to which Hack was assigned is notable for the staid lifestyle of its residents, their neighbors say.

"I'm not experiencing any indecency," freshman Jeff Kaplow complained. "It's not as fun as Elisha makes it seem."

Residents of Lawrence seem to agree that it would have been easy for Hack to work out an agreement with his suitemates to respect his attitude toward modesty. "It's kind of sad that he didn't give it a try," Mr. Kaplow said.

The Five have proposed a compromise: students would check off a box on their housing application forms indicating their desire to live in a single-sex suite with fellow students who also wish to refrain from sexual activity. Yale would then group such students together in suites.

However, the Five also demanded that Yale *enforce*, with threats of expulsion, the chastity of students who choose to live in such suites. Quite naturally, Yale did not want to put itself in the position of policing its students' bedrooms (although such action would be consistent with its role *in loco parentis*). Hack asks indignantly why, given that the university punishes cheating with expulsion, it shouldn't it be equally severe with moral deviance. But, of course, cheating is an academic offense at odds with the university's central pedagogic purpose. Suddenly, the Yale Five seem less put upon than putting upon.

Indeed, the students aren't even being forced, in any sense, to live in the colleges. For one thing, they could leave Yale and go to an institution that wants actively to promote their values. Hack says the Five won't even consider this option: they want the prestigious Yale diploma. Alternatively, they could continue to live in their assigned college "on paper"—and pay the $6,850 housing fee—while actually living off campus. This alternative suits the university fine. But Hack says paying money to observe one's religion "sounds like discrimination to me."

THE dorm controversy concerns this simple question: *Who foots the bill for diversity*? Already, Yale voluntarily, and reasonably, provides Orthodox students with kosher meal plans. It gives them mechanical doorlocks instead of the magnetic ones standard in the dorms, to allow them not to use electricity on the Sabbath. Yale, like most American institutions, gladly accedes to the peculiarities of salient minorities. (It also does headstands for blacks and cartwheels for gays.) However, if the public pays for the needs of every faction that feels it needs special treatment, it will encourage an almost atomic splintering of society. Only by requiring groups with special needs to internalize the costs of their distinctiveness can society achieve an efficient amount of pluralism.

If the Five win, it will mark a dangerous precedent. —E. V. KONTOROVICH

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at Exeter, students can satisfy the requirement by taking courses on Zen Buddhism, existentialism, and Values in a Changing World; at Lawrenceville, by taking courses on Chinese Philosophy and Islam.

The diversity of these course offerings is, of course, by itself unobjectionable. However, seen side by side with the schools' general retreat from the practice of Christianity, it is a testament to a deliberate effort to remain entirely neutral as to the *truth* of Christianity.

Curiously, it is at the schools which have most thoroughly abandoned Christianity that students are most sensitive to its appearance. At Deerfield, for example, where neither chapel attendance nor religious courses are required, students who object to the Judaeo-Christian overtones of the convocation, baccalaureate, and commencement ceremonies are not required to attend. These sensitive students have also campaigned successfully to have the hymn "Lead On, O King Eternal," replaced at the ceremonies with the less Judaeo-Christian, less masculine in imagery, "Morning Has Broken."

Such concessions to non-Christian students are made, of course, to acknowledge the importance of other "spiritual views." But, in fact, it is at the schools where Christianity is still taken seriously that other beliefs are also taken most seriously. At Groton, Kent, and St. George's, for example, students who wish to be excused from the Sunday Eucharist are required to attend formal services of another kind.

Unfortunately, it is very difficult for the boarding schools to adopt an agnostic view of Christianity. Students are generally aware that Christianity once animated their communities. The empty chapels continually declare it. Because it is no longer practiced, students must conclude that Christianity was abandoned either because it is less true than other religions—Buddhism, Hinduism, etc.—or because it, and other religions, are simply false. They cannot conclude that Christianity is as true as—or more true than—other religions; if that were the case, it would still be practiced.

And yet, there seems to be light at the end of the narthex. A few years ago, Choate tried to reintroduce hymn singing into the chapel meetings. Although the effort was unsuccessful—"an absolute bomb," said one school official—the school intends to try it again at some point in the future. And when several years ago a candlelight Mass was instituted for Catholics, three students showed up. Recently, 175 students attended. Apparently, some faculty and students at some schools feel the lack of something in their lives—and are trying to do at least something about it. □

Track & Battlefield

A new study shows that the gender gap in running is not behaving the way it was expected to.

STEVE SAILER & STEPHEN SEILER

EVERYBODY knows that the gap in physical performance between male and female athletes is rapidly narrowing. In fact, in an opinion poll just before the 1996 Olympics, 66 per cent agreed that "the day is coming when top female athletes will beat top males at the highest competitive levels." The most highly publicized scientific study supporting this belief appeared in *Nature* in 1992: "Will Women Soon Outrun Men?" Physiologists Susan Ward and Brian Whipp pointed out that since the Twenties women's world records in running had been falling faster than men's. Assuming these trends continued, men's and women's records would equalize by 1998 for marathons, and during the early twenty-first century for all other distances.

This is not sports trivia. Whether the gender gap in athletic performance stems from biological differences between men and women or is simply a social construct imposed by the Male Power Structure is highly relevant both to fundamental debates about the malleability of human nature and to current political controversies such as the role of women in the military.

When everybody is so sure of something, it's time to update the numbers. So, we began an in-depth study.

Our conclusion: Although the 1998 outdoor running season has not yet started, we can already discard Ward and Whipp's forecast: women will not catch up to men in the marathon next year. The gender gap between the best marathon times remains the equivalent of the woman record holder's losing by more than 2.6 miles. In fact, we can now be certain that the fastest women will never equal the fastest men in any standard-length race. Contrary to all expectations, the overall gender gap has been widening throughout the Nineties. While men's times have continued to get faster, world-class women are running noticeably slower than in the Eighties. Why? It's a fascinating tale of sex discrimination, ethnic superiority, hormones, and the fall of the Berlin Wall that reconfirms the unpopular fact that biological differences between the sexes and the races will continue to play a large, perhaps even a growing, role in human affairs.

First, though, why is running the best sport for carefully measuring changes in the gender gap? For one thing, men and women currently compete under identical conditions in ten Olympic running events. In general, track is ideal for statistical study because it's such a simple sport: all that matters is the times. It's also probably the most universal sport. Track medalists in the 1996 Olympics included an Australian aborigine as well as runners from Burundi, Trinidad and Tobago, South Korea, Mozambique, Norway, and Namibia. Running is so fundamental to life and so cheap that most children on earth compete at it enough to reveal whether they possess any talent for it.

As Ward and Whipp noted, the gender gap did narrow sharply up through the Eighties. Let's focus on those ten directly comparable races. Back in 1970, women's world-record times averaged 21.3 per cent higher (worse) than men's. But in the Seventies women broke or equaled world records 79 times,

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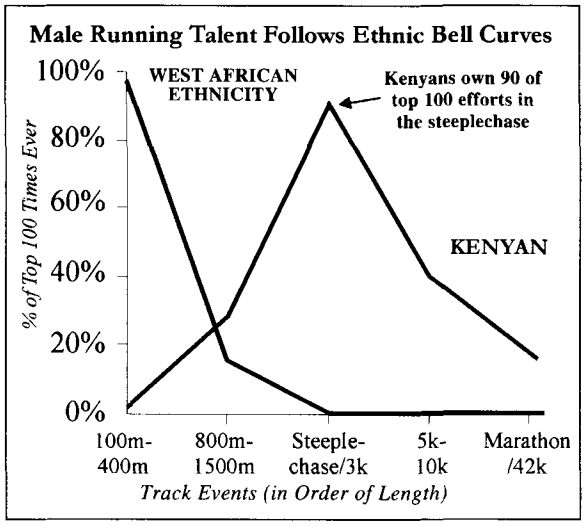
compared to only 18 times for men, lowering the average gender gap in world records to 13.3 per cent. In the Eighties, women set 47 records compared to only 23 by men, and the gender gap shrank to just 10.2 per cent. Further narrowing seemed inevitable in the Nineties.

Yet male runners are now pulling away from female runners. Women's performances have collapsed, with only 5 record-setting efforts so far in this decade, compared to 30 by men. (The growth of the gender gap has even been accelerating. Men broke or tied records 7 times in 1997, the most in any year since 1968.) The average gender gap for world records has increased from 10.2 per cent to 11.0. And since four of the five women's "records" set in the Nineties occurred at extremely questionable Chinese meets (as we shall see later), it's probably more accurate to say that for relatively respectable records, men are ahead of women 30 to 1, and the average gender gap has grown from 10.2 per cent to 11.5 per cent.

Despite all the hype about 1996 being the "Women's Olympics," in the Atlanta Games' central events—the footraces—female medalists performed worse relative to male medalists than in any Olympics since 1972. In the 1988 Games the gender gap for medalists was 10.9 per cent, but it grew to 12.2 per cent in 1996. Even stranger is the trend in absolute times. Track fans expect slow but steady progress; thus, nobody is surprised that male medalists became 0.5 per cent faster from the 1988 to the 1996 Olympics. Remarkably, though, women medalists became 0.6 per cent *slower* over the same period.

Why is the gender gap growing? In the longer races—from 800m to the marathon, but especially in the 5,000m and 10,000m races—the main reason is discrimination, society forcing women to stay home and have six babies. Of course, we're not talking about the industrialized world, but about a few polygamous, high-birth-rate African nations. All 17 male distance record-settings in the Nineties belong to Africans —Kenyans (9), Ethiopians (5), Algerians (2), Moroccans (1). A culture can encourage women to pursue glory in athletics or to have a half-dozen kids, but not both. Thus, Kenya's high birth rate (not long ago it was more than five times West Germany's) has contributed to a swelling torrent of brilliant male runners, but has kept any Kenyan woman from winning Olympic gold.

These facts, though, raise a disturbing question: Why is women's distance running so debilitated by sexism in these African countries? Because, as Willie Sutton might say, that's where the talent is. You can't understand women's running without comparing it to men's running, and that has become incomprehensible unless you grasp how, as equality of opportunity has improved in men's track, ethnic inequality of result has skyrocketed. The African tidal wave culminated on August 13, 1997, when Wilson Kipketer, a Kenyan running for Denmark, broke the great Sebastian Coe's 800m mark, erasing the last major record held by any man not of African descent. African superiority is now so manifest that even Burundi, a small East African hell-hole, drubbed the U.S. in the men's distance races at our own Atlanta Games.



Yet, there are striking systematic differences even between African ethnic groups. This can best be seen by graphing each population's bell curve for running. The Olympic events from 100 meters to the marathon run along the horizontal axis, and the percentage of the 100 best times in history go along the vertical axis. For example, the distances Kenyan men are best suited for are indicated by a bell curve centered on the 3,000m steeplechase, where Kenyans own the 53 fastest times ever. These East Africans are outclassed in the 100m and 200m, but become competitive in the 400m, then are outstanding from 800m through 10,000m, before tailing off slightly in the marathon (42,000m).

In contrast, for the black men of West Africa and the West African Diaspora (living, e.g., in the U.S., Nigeria, Cuba, Brazil, Canada, Britain, and France), only the right half of their bell curve is visible. They absolutely monopolize the 100m. Men of West African descent have broken the 10-second barrier 134 times; nobody else has *ever* done it. They remain almost as overwhelming in the 200m and 400m, then drop off to being merely quite competitive in the 800m. They are last sighted in the 1500m, and then are absolutely not a factor in the long-distance events.

While there are the usual nature *v.* nurture arguments over why African runners win so much, there is little possibility that culture alone can account for how much West African and East African runners differ in power *v.* endurance. Track is ultracompetitive: coaches test all their runners at different distances until they find where they are best. Even in the unlikely event that Kenya's coaches were too self-defeating to exploit their 100m talent, and Jamaica's leadership was ignoring their 10,000m prodigies, American and European coaches and agents would swoop in and poach them. No, what's far more plausible is that both West and East Africans are performing relatively close to their highly distinct biological limits.

None of this conforms to American obsessions about race. First, we dread empirical studies of human biodiversity, worrying that they will uncover the intolerable reality of racial supremacy. Is this fear realistic? Consider merely running: Are West Africans generally better runners than whites? In sprints, absolutely. In distance races, absolutely not. Overall racial supremacy is nonsense; specific ethnic superiorities are a manifold reality.

Second, our crude racial categories blur over many fascinating genetic differences between, for example, groups as similar in color as West and East Africans. And even within the highlands of East Africa there are different track bell curves: Ethiopians, while almost as strong as Kenyans at 5,000m and longer, are not a factor below 3,000m. And the African dominance is not just a black thing. Moroccans and Algerians tend to be more white than black, yet they possess a bell curve similar to, if slightly less impressive than, Kenyans'.

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Further research will uncover many more fascinating patterns: for example, Europeans appear to be consistently mediocre, achieving world-class performances primarily at distances like 800m and the marathon that fall outside of the prime ranges for West Africans and Kenyans.

These ethnic patterns among male runners are crucial to understanding the causes of the growth in the gender gap, because it appears that women runners possess the same natural strengths and weaknesses as their menfolk. For example, the bell curves for men and women runners of West African descent are equally sprint-focused. If a nation's women perform very differently from its men, something is peculiar. With high-birth-rate African countries like Kenya and Morocco, it's clear that the social systems restrain marriageable women from competing. This offers hope that the distance gender gap will someday stop widening. Indeed, since the Kenyan birth rate began dropping a few years back, we have begun to see a few outstanding Kenyan women.

Contrary to all expectations, the gender gap has been widening throughout the Nineties.

The gender gap is widening not just because men (especially African distance runners) are running faster today, but also because women (especially East European sprinters) are now running slower.

From 1970 to 1989, white women from Communist countries accounted for 71 of the 84 records set at 100m–1500m. In contrast, Eastern European men accounted for exactly zero of the 23 male records. Those memorable East German Fräuleins set records 49 times in just the sprints and relays (100m–400m). This was especially bizarre because men of West African descent were utterly dominating white men in sprinting. Another oddity of that era is that Communist women set only 7 (and East Germans none) of the 48 female records in the 5k, 10k, and marathon.

The crash of women's running was brought about by two seemingly irrelevant events in the late Eighties: Ben Johnson got caught, and the Berlin Wall fell. At the 1988 Olympics, in the most anticipated 100m race of all time, Johnson, the surly Jamaican-Canadian sprinter who could benchpress 396 pounds, demolished Carl Lewis with a jaw-dropping world record of 9.79 seconds. Two days later Johnson was stripped of his medal and record because his urine contained steroids. Embarrassed that it had let a man called "Benoid" by other runners (his massively muscled body was so flooded with artificial male hormones that his eyeballs had turned yellow) become the biggest star in the sport, track officialdom finally got fairly serious about testing for steroids in 1989.

Then the Berlin Wall fell, and we learned exactly how East German coaches enabled white women to outsprint black women: by chemically masculinizing them. The East German regime understood that sports success is based on manliness, which (in its lowest-common-denominator definition of muscles and aggression) isn't a social but a biochemical construct, one that their technicians could churn out by the liter. Obviously, the Communists weren't the only dopers, but they were the best organized. *Newsweek* reported, "Under East Germany's notorious State Plan 14.25, more than 1,000 scientists, trainers, and physicians spent much of the 1980s developing better ways to drug the nation's athletes." East German coaches are now finally going on trial for forcing enormous doses of steroids on uninformed teenagers. The Soviet Union, although less brilliant in the laboratory, also engaged in cheating on an impressively industrial scale.

Even today, this pattern of women's records coming mostly from Communist countries continues: four of this decade's five female marks were set by teenagers at the Chinese National Games, where tough drug testing is politically impossible. (The 1997 Games in Shanghai were such a bacchanal of doping that all 24 women's weightlifting records were broken, but weightlifting's governing officials had the guts to refuse to ratify them.) In contrast to the astounding accomplishments by China's fuel-injected women, Chinese men's performances remain mediocre.

Both the East German and the Chinese Communists were almost completely stumped at concocting male champions because the benefits of a given amount of steroids are much greater for women than for men. Since men have on average 10 times more natural testosterone than women, they need dangerously large Ben Johnson–sized doses to make huge improvements, while women can bulk up significantly on smaller, less easily detected amounts. The primitive testing at the 1988 Olympics did catch Benoid.

Rumors also circulated around the female star of those Games, America's Florence Griffith-Joyner. From 1984 to 1987 the lissome Flo-Jo kept finishing second in big races to suspiciously brawny women. After asking Ben Johnson for training advice, she made a magnificent joke out of women's track in 1988, setting records in the 100m and 200m that few had expected to see before the middle of the twenty-first century. Yet, she passed every urinalysis she ever faced and retired just before random drug testing began in 1989.

Why didn't the East German labs synthesize successful women distance runners? Although artificial male hormones are somewhat useful to distance runners (in part because they increase the will to win), sprinters get the biggest bang for their steroid buck. The shorter the race, the more it demands anaerobic power (which steroids boost), while the longer the race, the more it tests aerobic and heat-dispersal capacities.

DOPING has not disappeared from track, but runners have responded to better testing by using fewer steroids, and by trying less potent but harder-to-detect drugs like Human Growth Hormone. These new drugs affect the sexes much more equally than Old King Steroid. The decline in steroid use has allowed the natural order to reassert itself: before steroids overwhelmed women's track in the Seventies, black women like Wilma Rudolph and Wyomia Tyus dominated sprinting. Today, led by young Marion Jones, who is potentially the Carl Lewis of women's track, black women rule once more. However, white women are still much more heavily represented among the top sprinters than are white men. This could mean that the ethnic gap in natural talent between West Africans and Europeans is smaller among women than men. Or, more likely, doping continues to enhance women's times more than men's. If testing can continue to improve faster than doping, the gender gap would tend to grow even wider.

In conclusion, studying sports' gender

(Continues on page 60)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

December 13, 1997

Dear Rusty,
What's up with you? What's up with us?
It's a Christmas Letter omnibus.

The Gores are back!
All five in tow—
Of course, Karenna's a Mrs.
So that's six, you know.

We're happily spreading Christmas cheer,
To friends so far, and foes so near—
From "the most gifted leader on the scene,"
Or so they said in Time magazine.

First off, the kids: one was wed.
Tipper was cool; I cried instead.
(Of course there was a reporter around
To note my manly sniffly sound.)

The two middle girls, both are thriving.
They've suffered a shock, but are surviving:
They learned that pigs didn't have to fly
For Chelsea Clinton to get a guy.
Tipper counsels that only a creep'll
Go out with a girl to get his picture in People.

And Little Al, boy! he's grown up a lot,
He's no longer such a lovable tot.
We love him, sure, but he's fully grown,
And no longer quite as accident prone—
You know what they say: an ounce of prevention
Means a mighty dull speech at the party convention.

And Mom and Dad, and Tipper too,
Hold this family together like super strong glue.
Springtime in Carthage, Mom with her tulips,
Dad with his tall silver goblet of juleps,
And Tipper who simply never relaxes;
She spins on several political axes.
With quiet strength and ways understated,
She's convinced the press that I'm real complicated.
Though to be honest, I'm a simple guy.
I love my family, I love the sky,
I love the environment—hey, that's me,
And there's no controlling legal authority
That says I shouldn't. Here's the spiel:
I made some calls. C'mon! Big deal!

What's on my wish list, you ask?
Any presidential task.
A war to fight, a vanquished foe—
People don't remember my debate with Perot.

And though we're thankful for the loan,
We'd like a Blumenthal for our own.
A hatchet piece? Sid'll button it.
Marty Peretz just ain't cuttin' it.

But "'tis better to give than . . ." you know the drill—
A person who "gets" can be such a pill.
So let me play Santa and peer in my bag,
So heavy with presents I'm starting to sag:

A wreath, gold coins, and sparkling vino
To our tallish pal, Miss Janet Reno.
And to those Republicans who cry, "Boot her,"
They can kiss my Independent Prosecutor.

And to Mr. Bill Lann Lee,
Oddly, now "General Lee,"
Who through the loyalty of the Commander-in-Chief (!)
Can now file a mend-it-don't-end-it amicus brief
On the current status of Affirmative Action,
Depending, of course, on which political faction
Needs affirming the most.
(Lean left for the Coast; too far and we're toast.)
Though our trusty DOJ moles
Report that nothing will happen till a change in the polls.
(And we'll take this occasion
To say that without quotas, most schools would be entirely Asian.)

And there's even room in our holiday cart
For a Merry Christmas to Dick Gephardt.
(Though hell if I know
Why anyone would vote for a creepy albino.)

And to you and yours, from us and we,
A happy, healthy year-to-be,
To fortune, friends, and weather fair,
And less depletion of the ozone layer.
Fight global warming! Hug a tree!
(Is it getting hot in here or is it me?)
And finally, before the glow has subsided,
Send us a check in the envelope provided.

Your pal, Al

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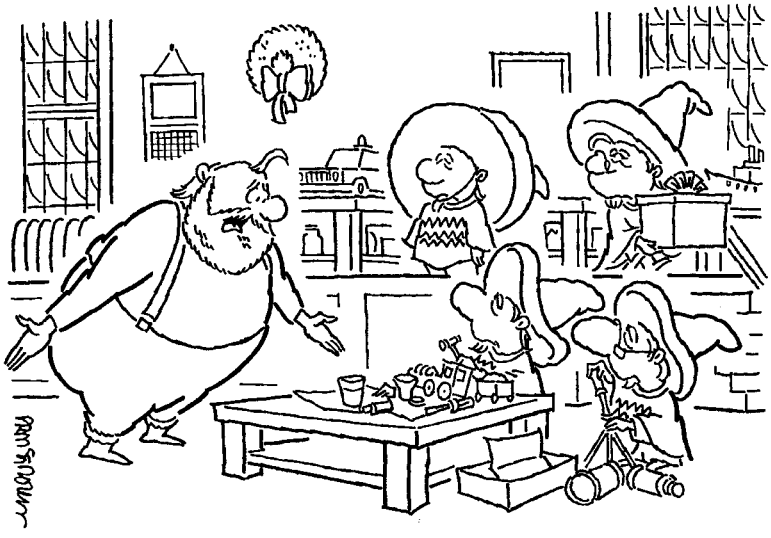
help!!!

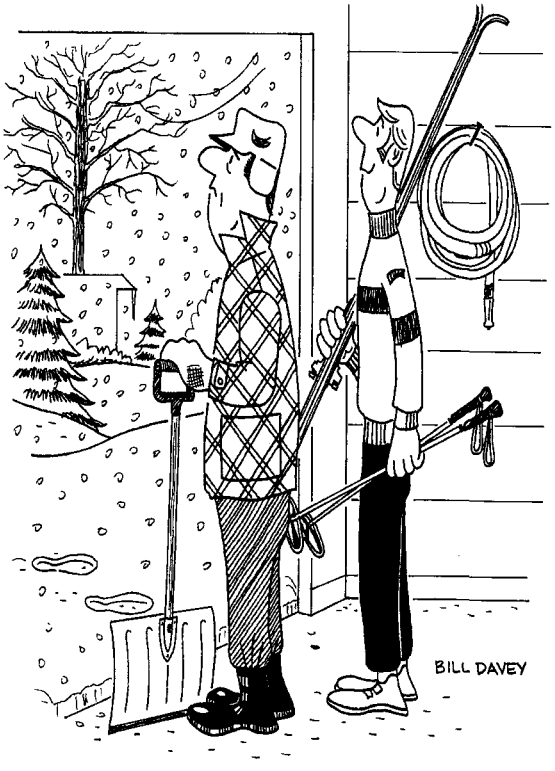
Santa Speaks Spanish

In California—where the sleigh
Glides down from upscale Santa Fe
Stuffed tight with toys muchachos *like*
That would have rattled Ron or Ike—
Pette Wilson pales, while Lungren, who's
A demographics junkie, stews,
As anxious party pols, aghast,
Pine for the ghost of Christmas Past.

—W. H. VON DREELE



"How many times do I have to tell you guys? I am NOT moving the toyshop to MEXICO!!"



"AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD TO STILL BELIEVE IN TAWANA BRAWLEY?"

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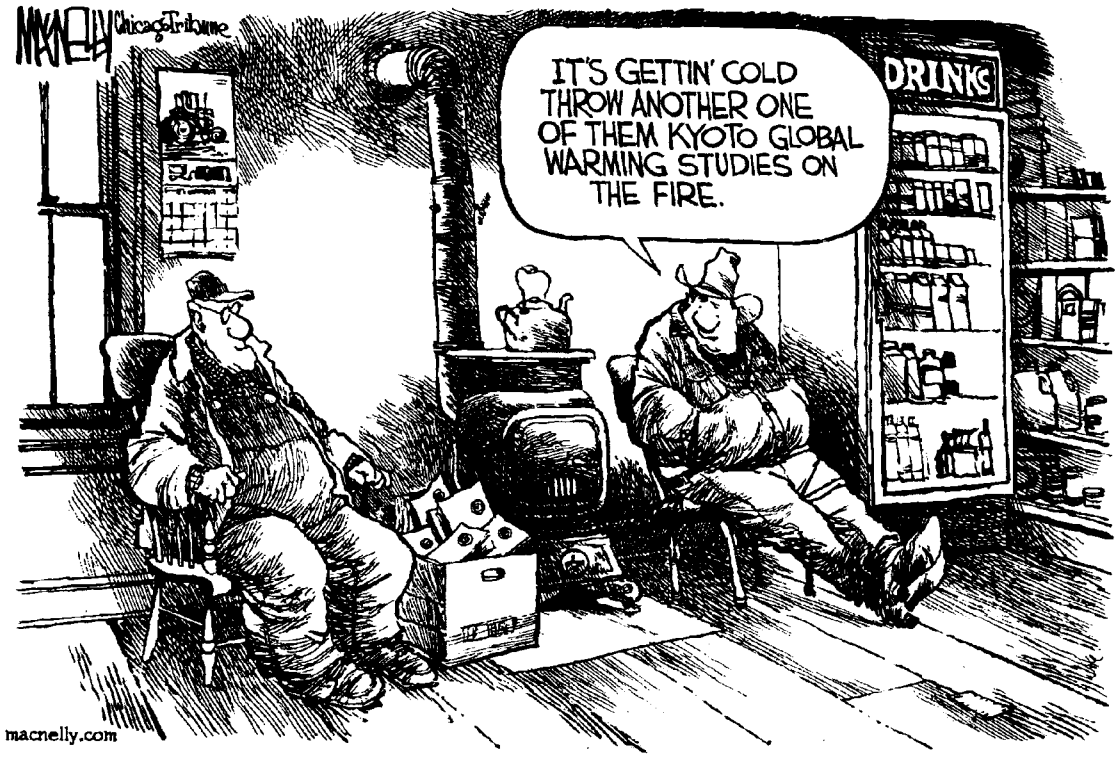

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Uncle Joe's Cabin

PETER W. RODMAN

THE struggle over history is not an exercise in pedantry. The Soviets understood this well, as they went about the Orwellian business of regularly rewriting the past: it was a way to try to shape the present and future. It is poetic justice, therefore, that the Soviet defeat in the Cold War is now being ratified by the historiographic confirmation—from Communist archives—of certain basic truths about how that great East–West contest began. For decades, the debate in the American academy over which side was responsible for the Cold War was, in itself, one of the most important collateral arenas of the struggle. For the so-called "revisionist" school, it was essential to show a high degree of American responsibility. The point was to discredit American postwar foreign policy, for the purpose of encouraging a more conciliatory posture toward the Soviet Union, and, in its more extreme versions, to cast the bully America as the main villain of world politics.

We Now Know: Rethinking Cold War History, by John Lewis Gaddis (Oxford, 425 pp., $30)

Thus the dual importance of John Lewis Gaddis's new book. Not only is there much to learn from it, it also represents the return of some sanity to the academy. Gaddis, the Robert Lovett Professor of History at Yale and probably the dean of American historians of the Cold War, has elsewhere written candidly, and with regret, about his youthful flirtation with revisionism. His new book—with its categorical indictment of Josef Stalin as the cause of the Cold War—is therefore a small milestone in recent American intellectual history.

Gaddis admits he has profited from others' research in the archival material liberated from Soviet, East German, Czech, Hungarian, Polish, and even Chinese sources, as well as proliferating memoirs from the Communist side. His strength is as a synthesizer, analyst, and judge.

As the book starts out, the reader may be uneasy: Gaddis speaks of the United States and Soviet Union as both constructing "empires" out of the ruins of post-Hitler Europe. But instead of plunging into the swamp of moral equivalency, Gaddis takes the narrative swiftly in the opposite direction. What is striking about the American "empire," he shows, is its inadvertence, if not reluctance, and, more important, the degree to which it was formed at the insistence of its European clients, who eagerly sought American help and protection. The postwar institutions of Western cooperation—economic, political, and military—were, in their details, as often as not the product of European initiatives. Gaddis uncovers a comment in 1948 by a State Department official who acknowledged that the new Europe which America was helping to build would grow, inevitably, into an independent center of power; what we expected to see was "not merely an extension of U.S. influence but a real European organization strong enough to say no both to the Soviet Union and to the United States, should our actions seem so to require." Some empire.

Frederick H. Carlson

The contrast with Stalin's empire needs little elaboration, one might think, but it receives ample—and illuminating—elaboration from Gaddis. He makes good use of the recent research of scholars, like R. C. Raack, who tell us of Stalin's consistent intentions in Germany and the rest of occupied Europe—namely, to regain all that Hitler had promised him in the Molotov–Ribbentrop pact, to Sovietize eastern Germany as soon as possible, and to make a major push to subvert the western zones of Germany as well. Gaddis sees not the slightest chance that a different Western policy would have dissuaded Stalin from any of this. Stalin was a murderous brute and a paranoid, propelled by visions of tsarist expansion as well as raw revolutionary megalomania. Independent centers of power were anathema.

The brutality and paranoia of the dictator were so powerful that they led him into self-defeating policies—such as a savagery toward occupied Germany that guaranteed permanent German hatred of the Soviet occupiers. Where the legacy of the American presence in Germany was the Marshall Plan and the Berlin airlift, the Soviet army left behind in eastern Germany, inter alia, the astonishing legacy of two million rapes in 1945–46 (yes, two million). This kind of behavior guaranteed in turn that the puppet regime in East Germany (like those in its fellow satellites) could never gain legitimacy and could therefore be

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propped up only by physical force. The result was "that an American sphere of influence would arise [in Europe] largely by consent, but that its Soviet counterpart could sustain itself only by coercion. The resulting asymmetry would account, more than anything else, for the origins, escalation, and ultimate outcome of the Cold War."

Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW need no instruction in the moral difference between Communism and freedom, but Gaddis's take on all this is not only illuminating but in places quite moving. America presided on its side of the line as one could expect of a democracy leading a voluntary alliance of democracies. The weight Gaddis gives to this moral and ideological dimension is a rebuke to "realist" scholars who neglected, indeed disparaged, that dimension.

In passing, Gaddis also disposes easily of a number of revisionist myths, such as about Hiroshima. Revisionists believe that Hiroshima was aimed at the Soviet Union, not Japan. The historical evidence satisfies Gaddis that the motive for Truman's decision was as "simple and straightforward" as Truman said: to hasten the end of the war with Japan. Similarly, Stalin's responsibility for the Korean War is documented. "*As long as Stalin was running the Soviet Union*," Gaddis concludes—in italics, no less—"*a cold war was unavoidable*."

Once the archvillain dies, however, Gaddis loses his bearings. The geopolitical contest shifts to Third World scenes like Guatemala, Iran, Indochina, Suez, and Cuba, and the odor of political correctness can be detected. The United States is chided for backing unsavory rightists and intervening supposedly unnecessarily, as in, say, Guatemala. It is not explained why a radical pro-Soviet regime on the Central American mainland in 1954 would not have been a consequential strategic matter.

The discussion of the 1956 Suez crisis is clumsy in a different way. Gaddis tries to squeeze Nasser into the "misunderstood progressive" category and faults Eisenhower and Dulles for not embracing Arab nationalism. But Nasser's acceptance of Soviet-bloc arms in 1955 was a watershed event that injected the Cold War into the Middle East. By helping Nasser defeat the British–French–Israeli assault (a policy Gaddis approves), we assured the vindication not merely of Nasser's nationalism but also of his anti-Western radicalism and his military linkup with the Soviet Union. After Suez, there was a wave of leftist revolutions against pro-Western Arab monarchies. Eisenhower later called Suez his biggest foreign-policy blunder. Gaddis misses this.

The climactic event of the Cold War, for Gaddis, was the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. (Indeed, the book ends there.) Here, too, his judgment falters. He is correct in the larger perspective. From that moment on, the two superpowers shrank from head-on confrontation and even looked for mutual restraints in the nuclear field. Gaddis suggests that the nuclear stalemate froze the East–West rivalry, assuring its prolongation even as it diminished its danger.

But on the details of the Cuban affair itself, he takes too seriously Khrushchev's claim that his main motive in sneaking missiles into Cuba was to protect Cuba from a dreaded second invasion. It was a dread that Castro did not share (by Gaddis's own account). Gaddis pays too little attention to hints in Khrushchev's memoirs that there was another, more opportunistic motive, namely to equalize overnight the strategic nuclear imbalance, taking advantage of an American President he saw as weak. Gaddis also strangely praises President Kennedy for his willingness secretly to trade away NATO missiles in Turkey. Gaddis does not defend the deceit—he even immortalizes in a footnote Theodore Sorensen's astonishing recent admission that he "edited" Robert Kennedy's posthumously published diary of the crisis, *Thirteen Days*, to make sure the truth was obscured. But Gaddis thinks John Kennedy a statesman for his willingness to back down even further if necessary.

THE first half of *We Now Know*, with its definitive assignment of the responsibility for the East–West conflict, performs such a service to Western civilization that the errors in the second half seem almost forgivable. The books are now being closed on the Stalin period; the post-Stalin period is still a work in progress.

Perhaps it's a generational thing. Today's academics feel no residual stake in defending Uncle Joe. The formative years of present-day American liberals were in a period when the Soviet leaders, while nasty, were on a more human scale, a period dominated by controversial Third World issues—Indochina, Central America, southern Africa—on which the temptation to romanticize America's opponents was (and remains) harder to resist. These ideological reflexes still twitch, and will probably continue to do so until the embarrassing archives start opening up in Havana, Hanoi, and other such fashionable places.

Gaddis disposes easily of a number of revisionist myths, such as about Hiroshima. Revisionists believe it was aimed at the Soviet Union, not Japan.

We Now Know does not venture into the question of who was responsible for the *end* of the Cold War. There are those, like George Kennan and Strobe Talbott, who are convinced it was solely the product of Soviet internal evolution, which the West either had no effect on or may even have delayed by its pigheaded bellicosity. Gaddis cannot be condemned for views he does not express, but there are a few hints.

As we have seen, he makes a strong case for the superiority of democracy and market economics. He believes the Soviet system was bound to lose out. It goes without saying that there is wisdom in all this, but Gaddis might well be flirting with a Kennan/Talbott-style argument that only the internal Soviet factors counted in the ultimate outcome. He credits Gorbachev with the historic achievement of dismantling Stalin's structural legacy. "It tells us a lot that as it [Stalin's structural legacy] disappeared, so too did the Cold War and ultimately the Soviet Union itself."

But we should not forget that a lot of things happened in the world after the Cuban missile crisis. The Brezhnev period was in fact the period of the Soviet Union's greatest geopolitical ascendancy, and it coincided with the West's profound demoralization amidst Vietnam, Watergate, the energy crisis, intelligence investigations, Euro-Communism, Iran, etc. The Soviet leaders—and many others—believed the historical "correlation of forces" had shifted decisively in the Soviets' favor. The reversal of fortune between 1975 and 1985 was hardly

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foreordained, and the West's recovery (obviously) had nothing to do with Gorbachev. Indeed, Gorbachev was as much the result as he was the cause of what happened in the 1980s. There's a lot of history there, in any case, and we can hope that if Professor Gaddis eventually turns to it, he will make full use of the powers of dispassionate judgment that he has demonstrated he is capable of in at least the main conclusions of the present work. □

How Steven Pinker's Mind Works

DANIEL N. ROBINSON

I TURNED to Steven Pinker's *How the Mind Works* just after reading his article in *The New York Times Magazine* (November 2), in which we learn that mothers who kill their babies may be neither criminal nor pathological. After all, "If a newborn is sickly, or if its survival is not promising, [mothers] may cut their losses and favor the healthiest. . . . In most cultures neonaticide is a form of this triage." It was, then, with no surprise that I found the more comprehensive version of Pinker's reasoning, as reflected in this book, to be drawn from the now quasi-official "brain science *cum* Darwin" school of explanation, which, among other daring discoveries, would claim for itself a confident understanding of, yes, how the mind works. And I must admit to a paroxysm of skepticism when, glancing at the testimonial printed on the back cover, I was reassured by one Helena Cronin that "This is the best book ever written on the human mind." I wondered if Helena Cronin had actually read all the books devoted to this subject, some of them still untranslated, and stretching across the millennia from Aristotle's systematic treatise *On the Soul.*

How the Mind Works, by Steven Pinker (Norton, 660 pp., $29.95)

Having suspended disbelief long enough to study Professor Pinker's contribution, I am satisfied that Helena Cronin and I have not read the same books, even if Professor Pinker and I have. That he and I have drawn different conclusions from them does not lessen the value of his treatise, though it might encourage those not already enrolled in the quasi-official school to look further before committing.

There are in these busy 660 pages three major propositions defended with stamina and authoritative citations. The first is a version of what is known as the "modularity" theory of the mind, according to which the broad and various range of mental achievements arises from a set of interacting and specific functions. Rather than there being a general intelligence or intellectual "center," there are distinct functional *modules* whose joint operation results in a given power or competence: "The mind, I claim, is not a single organ but a system of organs, which we can think of as psychological faculties or mental modules." Tied to this thesis and often, though incorrectly, thought to be one of its implications is a modularity theory of brain function itself. (It is true that a radio achieves its purpose by way of the proper operation of its various modules, but it is less than obvious that what it broadcasts is best comprehended in modular terms.) The third dominant proposition is that the modularized operations of the brain have been shaped over the eons by evolutionary forces working at the level of genetic selection. Thus "neonaticide," as proclaimed in the *Times*, is "an immoral act, but not necessarily a pathological one."

In and amongst these major propositions are findings and subsidiary notions that would at once support them and undercut the alternative schemes now on offer in the burgeoning field of "cognitive and brain sciences." If Professor Pinker's labors are less than successful in the constructive parts of the text, they are quite unsuccessful in the critical portions. Space allows only two examples. Pinker considers Roger Penrose's *The Emperor's New Mind*, in which the strong artificial intelligence (AI) thesis is subjected to close and critical scrutiny. One of the grounds of criticism is supplied by Kurt Gödel's so-called "incompleteness theorem"; namely, that any formal system of sufficient power to generate an arithmetic will depend on at least one axiom that cannot be proved within the system. Assuming that any AI device plausibly regarded as "intelligent" must be such a formal system, it will be limited by Gödel's theorem, whereas Gödel obviously wasn't, and neither are we. It is not at all clear that in his dismissal of Penrose's assessment Pinker has chosen to understand it, and it is entirely clear that he has not successfully defeated it.

As a second example, I note Pinker's treatment of Alfred Russell Wallace's reservations about the role of natural selection in the shaping of defining human attributes. As Pinker reads Wallace, the great naturalist and co-discoverer of the theory we call "Darwinian," "became a creationist when he noted that foragers—'savages,' in nineteenth-century parlance—were biologically equal to modern Europeans. The brains were the same size." And then, "Wallace went off the tracks . . . because he was a lousy linguist, psychologist, and anthropologist (to judge him, unfairly, by modern standards)."

In this unintended irony Pinker actually makes a quite apt claim. "By modern standards," Wallace was, alas, an anthropologist and psychologist of prodigious ability and perspicuity, not tied to a tediously reductive approach to real life and wise enough to recognize that a developed psychology must accept the full measure of the moral, civic, aesthetic, and spiritual dimensions of life. Actually, many at the time regarded Wallace's *Darwinism* as perhaps the finest defense of the theory propounded to date, a work that answered all of the sillier objections and most of the discerning ones. It is in the concluding pages of *Darwinism* that Wallace records his skepticism about the ability of "natural selection" to account for the ethical and aesthetic dimensions of human life, or for the purely abstract achievements of the mind as these appear in, e.g., mathematics.

Does the mind function in "modular" fashion? Well, just what is a "module"? An air-traffic-control system includes trained and vigilant observers sitting in front of display screens. It also includes

Mr. Robinson is a professor of psychology and adjunct professor of philosophy at Georgetown University. Oxford University Press will publish his edited collection, The Mind, *next year.*

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transmitting and receiving antennae, a programmed core memory, and various codes for signaling departures from expected trajectories. At each stage certain "inputs" are amplified and others (treated as "noise") are filtered out, this based on what the system's memory has been told to treat as worthy targets. Each of these functions is achieved by a given *module*. The system as a whole can be described and its functions explained in modular terms.

In the eighteenth century it became customary to simplify the complexities of mental life by reducing it to an ensemble of elementary powers or "faculties." Thus arose an influential "faculty psychology," such as that advanced by Thomas Reid and his Scottish contemporaries. Meanwhile, the scientific community was approaching a more or less settled position on the brain as the organ of rationality, perception, judgment —sanity itself. One of the leading figures in this development was Franz Gall, the father of phrenology. This new "science" of the mind was based on the proposition that each definable mental power or "faculty" depended on a specific region of the brain: that the brain itself was a (modular) composite of "organs," each serving a specific intellectual, emotional, moral, or aesthetic function. Such materialist theories of mind borrowed the list of basic "faculties" from the philosophers, and then attempted to match each of these to some alleged "organ" in the brain.

A dust-jacket blurb informs us that Pinker's is 'the best book ever written on the human mind.'

By the early nineteenth century phrenology had begun to fall on hard times, even as laymen continued to feel bumps on their own and other heads in order to uncover what phrenologists took to be the signs of one's basic intellectual or moral character. Pierre Flourens, one of the leaders of thought in what was already a developing "brain science," rebuked Gall and debunked the very notion of the brain as having separate "organs." Toward the end of the century William James would dub phrenology "bumpology" and would also introduce his readers to what he called "the psychologist's fallacy." Thus, the psychologist chooses a method of study that obliges the subject to master a list of paired terms by repetition, and then concludes that all memory is but association! The point, of course, is that what we take to be the essential nature of mind is likely to reflect the mode of inquiry more than the essence of the thing itself.

By the 1950s, Karl Lashley, who had searched unsuccessfully for thirty years to find the memory "engram"—by trying to cut it out of the heads of hundreds of animals which, we might suppose, had not been shaped by evolution for this particular purpose—was led to conclude that the brain functions in so integrative a fashion as to be best understood as engaged in *mass action*. Those who study the brain via MRIs and PET scans have come to different conclusions. Does the mind function in

IT TOOK A VILLAGE . . . BETHLEHEM

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"modular" fashion? Why, of course it does—sometimes.

On the matter of evolution I give the last word to Matthew Arnold. Arnold had read Darwin's claim that our ancestor was "a hairy quadruped, with pointed ears and a tail, probably arboreal in his habits." Possibly true, said Arnold, but "there must have been something in him that inclined him to Greek."

At $30 this book is a really good purchase for anyone wanting an up-to-date account of how leading thinkers in the "cognitive and brain sciences" approach the mind, and the best methods by which to determine "how it works." Whether or not a refund is then demanded depends on the reader's own sense of what it means to think deeply on subjects of great consequence. □

Common 'Cold'?

JAMES GARDNER

APPARENTLY Charles Frazier's best-seller, *Cold Mountain*, is the object of a certain resentment in the long-suffering publishing community. That the National Book Award for fiction went to this first novel, rather than to Don DeLillo's latest work, the clear favorite, caused dismay in certain circles, where *Cold Mountain* was seen, according to one account in the *New York Times*, as "the finger-painting equivalent of Mr. DeLillo's Michelangelo, *Underworld*."

***Cold Mountain*, by Charles Frazier (Atlantic Monthly Press, 356 pp., $24)**

Though the book has many virtues, other factors have doubtless contributed to its success. In a sense it is this year's *English Patient*, with a smidgen of *The Bridges of Madison County* thrown in for good measure. By this I mean that there seems to be at least one book each year which spans the gap between entertainment and highbrow culture. This is the sort of book that causes the reader to feel good about himself for having read it. Self-consciously literary without being opaque, it presents us with characters of the requisite complexity, neither as complicated and self-absorbed as those in Mr. DeLillo's indubitably highbrow books, nor as subordinated to the dictates of compelling action as in your basic Grisham or Clancy novel.

Cold Mountain, set in the southern Blue Ridge Mountains during the final months of the Civil War, is an ambitious example of the historical novel. But unlike most specimens of the genre—and very much to its credit—the book treats the past as if it were, in a way, *present*. Most historical narrative is overtly escapist: the past is rendered in all its exotic alienness, as a travel option for those who are weary of modern times. That it was once lived as present, an obvious fact, plays little part in the equation: the vitality of the characters is entirely subordinated to quaint speech and period costumes. And yet, there is something irreducibly constant about the present, whether it is being lived in Marguerite Yourcenar's second-century Rome, or Tolstoy's Napoleonic Moscow, or Frazier's Confederate South. Though Frazier has acquired a scholar's feel for the period's idioms, costumes, and mores, these become for him merely the conduits through which passes the fluent essence of life lived *now*. They are not, as so often, its gaudy substitute.

Cold Mountain is the story of a homecoming. After four years of fighting under General Lee, the world-weary Inman makes his way home to his beloved Ada. While Ada spends her time playing the piano, reading Dickens, and trying to run the farm she has inherited from her father, Inman falls in with various women, travels with an itinerant preacher, is forcibly detained in the backwoods, and manages to slay three Union soldiers who have been harassing a young woman. In certain details, Frazier reveals a genuine novelistic talent and tact which simply cannot be faked. Just before Inman shoots one of the soldiers, toward whom he has been creeping up from behind, his victim "took the hat off and ran his hand through his hair. He was going bald at the back of his head." Afterward, "The two riflemen by the fire called out to the dead man over and over, and Inman discovered that his name had been Eben." Elsewhere Mr. Frazier skillfully observes the easy commerce between two women sitting beside a hearth: "Ruby took Ada's hand and held it and absently removed Ada's silver bracelet and slipped it over her own hand and then after a time returned it to its place."

Frazier clearly takes pleasure in the English language. He is of the school that believes that any Anglo-Saxon word is better—because more authentic—than its Latinate equivalent. Sometimes this zeal is taken almost to the point of parody: "She stopped the salve crock with a cob and put it in Inman's coat pocket." "From a leather case he took a fleam." Like his protagonist, Frazier is congenitally soft-spoken. This being a novel for the Nineties, there is naturally some talk of masturbation, but it is dealt with so decorously that the inattentive reader might miss its sense completely. After speaking of "lone love," Frazier says of Ada that "Sometime after midnight she took the easement of maiden, spinster, widow."

Charles Frazier's writing sounds the way novelists sound when they sound like novelists.

At times I have a problem with this understatement. Understatement is effective only when there is real purpose to the meiosis. Lately, however, it has become a stylistic tick designed precisely to conceal a lack of true feeling or thought. Indeed, it has come to sound so novelistic, so arty, that even popular novelists have taken to using it. All too often one has this feeling of gratuitousness in the constant understatement that informs *Cold Mountain*.

Frazier's desire to sound novelistic reveals itself in other ways. Often, one feels, his characters are infused with a *faux* complexity, a host of "issues" to make them seem heavier than they otherwise would. When, toward the end of *Cold Mountain*, Inman is finally reunited with Ada, the one thing he has dreamed of throughout the novel, she at

Mr. Gardner is NR*'s art critic.*

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first doesn't recognize him. This is not remarkable, since they have not seen each other in half a decade and he has just been released from the hospital. But listen to how he reacts. "'I believe I have made a mistake,' he said. He turned to walk away." Now this is entirely implausible. Only people in novels act like that—though one might not expect it even in novels which, like this one, are supposed to be the last word in understated realism. In real life a man in this situation would insistently identify himself, he and his wife would embrace, and drinks would follow.

In fact, this eventually does happen, but it is delayed, one suspects, so that Mr. Frazier can have the pleasure of sounding the way novelists sound when they sound like novelists. Though such missteps are surely not fatal to the success of *Cold Mountain*, they are the sort of thing that Mr. Frazier will have to hold in check if he is to fulfill the promise that is elsewhere so apparent in his first novel. □

The Plot Sickens

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

POOR, sad Princess Diana. Within hours of the tragedy in Paris, her death was being honored in the way most characteristic of our time: a conspiracy theory relayed over the Internet. She was murdered, you see, by

Conspiracy: How the Paranoid Style Flourishes and Where It Comes From, by Daniel Pipes (Free Press, 258 pp., $25)

British intelligence. The mother of a future King of England could not be allowed to marry an Egyptian. Ridiculous, of course, although Muammar Qaddafi seemed to think that there was something to it.

Which would not surprise Daniel Pipes. His fascinating, though all too brief, new book traces the development of conspiracy theories from the time of the Crusades to the Roswell era. Naturally the Libyan leader makes an appearance. But, to be fair, he is no more deranged than many in the dismal crowd that Mr. Pipes summons for our inspection. For, as he explains cheerily, "this book is the opposite of a study in intellectual history. [It deals] not with the cultural elite but its rearguard, not with the finest mental creation but its dregs . . . So debased is the discourse ahead that even the Russian secret police and Hitler play important intellectual roles." Well, *that*'s encouraging.

With depressing effectiveness, the author shows how we have allowed ourselves to be seduced again and again by variants of the same couple of stories. And if there is a conspiracy there must be conspirators. Freemasons, perhaps, or maybe the Trilateral Commission. And don't forget the Jews.

The conspiracy theorists never have, something that Daniel Pipes dates back to the Crusades. Jews became a convenient local proxy for the Muslim enemy. In a cruel paradox, as the pogroms intensified so did the idea that the Jews were planning a terrible vengeance. That fear in turn provoked further repression, and the cycle that was never really to end had begun. It is a plausible view, but, as the author concedes, it has a problem. Why pick on the Jews when "Muslims constituted a so much more substantial presence and threat"? Mr. Pipes never says, preferring merely to point to a pattern whereby "alleged conspirators are rarely those whom logic might point to."

For this is not a book that dwells on the psychological causes of conspiracism. This is a pity. It is a central question, and the answer is probably not too difficult to find. Take an obsessive personality, pour in a trauma or two, and garnish with a little paranoia. Add war, revolution, economic depression, or plague. When we are confronted with such vast, often incomprehensible cataclysms, a conspiracy theory can be a comfort. It provides an answer to people's questions and an object for their anger. It can also be fun. Winston Smith enjoyed his Hates.

Mr. Pipes touches on this, but he

Mr. Stuttaford knows what you are planning.

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spends far more time describing the symptoms of the disease. He does this well. And it is a disease. At least from the point where an interest in conspiracy theories tips over into "a way of seeing life itself. This is *conspiracism*. . . . It begins with belief in an occasional conspiracy theory . . . and ends with a view of history that dwells largely or exclusively on plots to gain world power or even destroy the human race."

Compulsively autodidactic, conspiracists live in a dark universe illuminated only by a vast and self-referential literature (two thousand books on the Kennedy assassination alone since 1963). Bolstered by obscure factoids and outright forgeries, its authors peddle theories of astonishing complexity. The right answer is never obvious and the obvious is never right. Readers are pushed further and further into irrationality. Which is not surprising. As the core belief of conspiracism is that all appearances are intended to deceive, reality itself becomes an illusion, a dangerous trick rather than a wake-up call.

In the West, at least, Pipes feels that conspiracism is in retreat, discredited by the twin failures of Communist Russia and Nazi Germany. "Hitler and Stalin had established the hideous price of conspiracy theories running rampant."

In the West, at least, Pipes feels that conspiracism is in retreat. Is it really?

Let's hope so. But there is something a little Fukuyama-annish about such a view. We live, after all, in an age of rapid and highly unpredictable change. Even in this relatively benign era conspiracy theories continue to flourish. Most are not serious, just couch-potato mythologizing; but they can act, Mr. Pipes concedes, as a pathway to more dangerous fantasies—Timothy McVeigh is, apparently, a believer in UFOs. Above all, they serve to chip away at the shared assumptions of truth that must underpin society.

In the case of American blacks this may already have happened. Mr. Pipes lists some of the conspiracy theories that circulate in this community, but without appearing unduly concerned. He may be too relaxed. From the idea that AIDS was developed as a genocidal tool (as a supplement, doubtless, to the crack distributed in the ghetto by the CIA) to kente-clad anti-Semitism, there is plenty to suggest that a dangerous conspiracism has already taken root in an important part of American society. Its success may suggest that conspiracism remains more of a threat than Mr. Pipes would have us believe.

Perhaps he is trying to trick us. □

FILM

Souls at Sea

JOHN SIMON

CHRISTMAS is the time we film critics dread the most: more movies are showered on us than flesh can bear or mind absorb, and this year it has been even worse than usual. I have space for only three of them, dealt with rather laconically, but holiday guidance must supersede belletristics.

Titanic, made jointly by two major studios, is at two hundred million plus the costliest movie ever, but you can see where just about every dollar went. Here is a drama the world never tires of, but whose numerous ramifications even a 194-minute film can't quite cope with. This one, written and directed by James Cameron, is exciting in all but its central story, which, artistically, is the real disaster. It is the brief and tragic tale of Leonardo DiCaprio, a young American painter from steerage, and Kate Winslet, a not-so-affluent girl from first class, sailing with her mercenary mother, Frances Fisher, and her callous but wealthy fiancé, Billy Zane. (I am using the actors' real names to emphasize the story's hokiness.) Everything that happens to these people is utterly crass—including Leonardo's secretly drawing Kate in the nude and Billy's trying to shoot the love thief as the boat is already sinking—and not helped by Mr. Zane's and Miss Fisher's giving better performances than the leads.

Every cliché of young shipboard romance, visual and verbal, is proudly trotted out, along with a few far-fetched maneuvers. Thus Leonardo saves Kate from the unlikeliest of suicides, and deflowers her in a fancy motor car traveling across the ocean. Thus, too, Leonardo is unjustly accused of theft and handcuffed to a pole just as the catastrophe is about to occur; risking all, Kate saves him. And more such stuff. The crowning absurdity is the feel-good ending, with the entire cast lining the liner's grand staircase to cheer the young lovers as they embrace. Whether this is a statement about immortality or the wrap party being memorialized, it belongs in a long-overdue Museum of Cinematic Bathos.

There is a frame story involving the people trying to raise the *Titanic* (marvelous documentary footage) and a very old woman survivor of the disaster, who turns out to be—guess who. Throughout, whatever pertains to the historical aspects of the ship's life and death is absolutely splendid, and direction, production design, and cinematography (Russell Carpenter) deserve highest praise. *Titanic* is never boring, only often naggingly annoying, down to the preposterous way one of the principals survives and the other dies.

■ ***Amistad*** has been termed by its director, Steven Spielberg, "an extraordinarily important film," and who would know better? It shows that one can follow a factual outline reasonably closely and still come up with poster art for the delectation of knee-jerk liberals. I do not mind bringing together Cinque, the leader of the rebellion aboard the slaver *La Amistad* in 1839, with the man who defended the rebel slaves before the Supreme Court, John Quincy Adams, even though history records no such meeting. Nor do I mind other reasonable liberties of historical fiction.

I do, however, object to vulgarization. Take Anthony Hopkins's Adams, as bad a performance by a major actor as you'll ever see. Hopkins offers an anthology of mannerisms: fussy little gestures, quirky pauses, exaggerated absentmindedness, fingering of irrelevant objects (mostly plants—horticulture as monomania), aleatory vocal inflections, restless pacing about: a course in scene-stealing. And if what he produces is

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his idea of a Boston accent, Hopkins is full of beans.

Although the black performers were given careful instruction in Mende speech, what they say in authentic Mende is not translated for a very long time, and when it finally gets subtitled

> Amistad *shows that a film can follow a factual outline and still end up as poster art for the delectation of knee-jerk liberals.*

(screenplay by David Franzoni), you wonder whether you weren't better off before. My favorite bit is when Cinque gets a lesson in jail from one of his fellows, who learned English from reading the King James Bible in the standard monolingual edition—a minor miracle. Thus exposed to the New Testament, Cinque is understandably an instant convert.

As Roger Baldwin, the pawky lawyer hired by the abolitionists, and as Secretary of State Forsyth, Matthew McConaughey and David Paymer give performances devoid of a trace of period sense: remove their wigs and we are smack-dab in Grishamland. Even such incomparable character actors as Nigel Hawthorne and Pete Postlethwaite (Martin Van Buren and District Attorney Saunders) cannot turn bare bones into living flesh. With the exception of Morgan Freeman, as a composite of several black abolitionists, the major Americans are played by Brits and one Swede, Stellan Skarsgård, who comes closest to credible Yankeedom.

The absurdity is all-pervasive. Take a sequence in which a number of slaves are chained to a pile of rocks and thrown overboard to be dragged to their deaths. Spielberg positions the camera for a final shot deep underwater, so that the drowners emitting bubbles come at us like a lineup of holiday divers in for some aquatic fun. In an earlier sequence, Cinque and one of his henchmen, after killing most of the Spanish crew, contend for the captaincy of the ship. In extreme closeup, they howl at each other in an untranslated outburst, head to head. The effect is to make them as unsympathetic as possible: you expect that, at any moment, an ear will be bitten off. For background music, John Williams provides an almost ceaseless chorus of holier-than-thou pseudospirituals.

Some actors manage to register: Djimon Hounsou as Cinque, Arliss Howard as Calhoun, and Jeremy Northam as a young Catholic judge struggling with his conscience. Others, though, are painfully obvious, not least Anna Paquin as the adolescent Isabella II of Spain, jumping up and down on her royal bed in Spanish. I also relished the bit when the blacks objected to their lawyer's use of the word *should*, a word nonexistent in Mende, where things either are or aren't. The film presents this as clear proof of moral superiority. I feel great sympathy for all the actors who, having to wear irons on neck, wrists, and ankles, chafed those parts raw. But the filmmakers' knees must have endured a no less liberal workout.

■ Although Clint Eastwood is a not untalented director, he has never really transcended the couple of genres in which he specializes. Thus he is out of his element in ***Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil***, where he all but fumbles the Evil and falls flat with the Good. Though based on John Berendt's captivating nonfiction book, the movie (to continue the *Titanic*/*Amistad* motif) thoroughly misses the boat. No fault of Jack N. Green's camera, which does convey the blandishments of Savannah, including those of Mercer House, where Jim Williams, the antique dealer, restorer, and collector, made his stately but unconventional home.

But the story of how Jim was judicially exculpated for the fatal shooting of his irascible homosexual lover is thickly embedded in the life of Savannah. The movie, bringing in ancillary characters and events, undermines its own neatly fictional structure; disjointedness prevails. The excellent Kevin Spacey, as Jim, reined in by the director, is less fascinating than usual. Among the film's invented characters, John Cusack, as a Northern journalist with mouth constantly agape, is worst, followed closely by the director's daughter, Alison Eastwood, as Cusack's unconvincing love interest. Among the real-life ones, The Lady Chablis, a black transvestite playing him/herself, is by far the most unprepossessing. Playing Jim's shrewd, good-old-boy lawyer, Jack Thompson, an Australian, comes off best. □

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

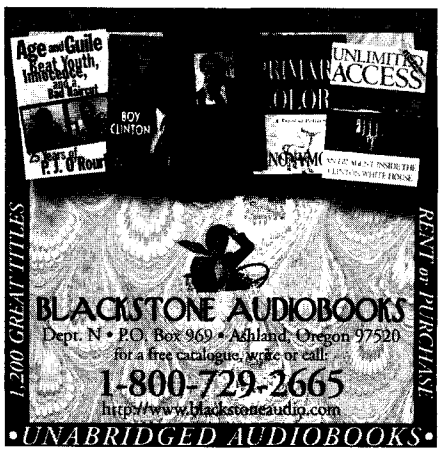
SOUND ON DISC

Two Verdis, Several Beethovens

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FOR scrawlers of graffiti, *Viva Verdi* once stood for the nationalist slogan *Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia*—a response to the Austrian occupiers of Italy, as well as to Giuseppe Verdi's opera *Nabucco* (a/k/a Nebuchadnezzar), in which the cries of the Hebrews for freedom were interpreted as a call for Italian independence. *Nabucco* was an uproarious success, and it instantly made Verdi Italy's most popular operatic composer, but his genius for melody, tragic or bravura, would eventually have brought him this distinction.

In measuring that genius, we have two Verdis to consider—and this is frequently forgotten. The work of the first includes *La Traviata*, *Aïda*, and the other triumphs of much of his career, characterized by focus on the voice and the



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melodic line, with the orchestra reduced mostly to accompaniment—all in the tradition of Italian opera from Monteverdi onward. The second and greater Verdi wrote operatic compositions in which the orchestra had a voice of its own, producing *Otello* and *Falstaff*, which rank musically and dramatically even with Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

The bridge between the two Verdis is *Don Carlos*, in which Verdi's later concept of the opera began to emerge. Aha, said the scribes, Verdi has been Wagnerized—which made London's foremost music critic, Corno di Bassetto (a/k/a George Bernard Shaw), roar in indignation. The first performance of this dark opera (five acts, with French libretto), in Paris, was hardly a success, and for 17 years Verdi made revisions, ending up with a four-act Italian libretto—there is no greater language for the singing throat than Italian—which satisfied him.

The musical comedy will revive only if the great slaughterer, television, which drove music and mirth from the airways, lies down and dies.

For years, the musicologists have juggled Verdi's accumulated changes. A French, five-act "new" version of *Don Carlos* played to enthusiastic SRO audiences in 1966, at the same theater which heard the original failure. A "live" recording of this production has now appeared, with Antonio Pappano leading the Paris Orchestra and the chorus of the Théâtre du Chatelet (EMI 56152). The soloists, none of whom I have heard before, are more than adequate, and Pappano's direction has verve and impact. If you listen closely, you will hear in it intimations of the great Verdi to come.

■ There are Beethovens in abundance—the Beethoven of the quartets and the one of the symphonies for starters. But Beethoven was to himself a pianist—and a fine one—as well as a composer, and until deafness struck him he delighted in playing his works in concert. There is, ergo, more of the passion and the metaphysic of Beethoven's music in what he wrote for the piano—the concertos and the sonatas. The definitive renditions of the sonatas are available in the European recordings of the great Paul Badura-Skoda, available in this country from Harmonia Mundi. Of the concertos, he has to my knowledge recorded only the Emperor (No. 5, in E-flat).

Meanwhile, the record shops can give us Artur Schnabel's too studied HMV releases, and Rudolf Serkin's sensitive readings for Columbia. A release of all five concertos, by Alfred Brendel with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony (Philips 456 045-2), should be an occasion. What differentiates Badura-Skoda's performances from most others is that the former are played on the fortepiano for which Beethoven wrote them, rather than the modern concert grand. The concert grand is overly brilliant for the sonatas and concertos. It also possesses a different action from the fortepiano of Beethoven's time which makes some passages virtually unplayable. If this does not bother you, then Brendel's reading of the concertos is the ticket.

■ Grandson of the Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, the composer and conductor Felix von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy lived in the context of his father's quip, "First I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son." As a composer, Mendelssohn was not an innovator; he opened no new musical doors. His work is marked by perfectionism and melodic beauty, which should be enough; but after his death, and even today, he is brushed off as a "Victorian" and a stuck-in-the-mud classicist with a Romantic tinge. His forte was richly textured harmonies and lovely melody, and both of these strengths are eminently evident in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the Italian Symphony (No. 4 in A major). Though less impressive than Mendelssohn's oratorios, they contain some of his most touching music, and they are lovingly recorded by Claudio Abbado and the Berlin Philharmonic (Sony SK 62826).

■ Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672) was born exactly one hundred years before Bach, and was considered the greatest composer of his time. Whereas Bach spoke only in the idiom of the Baroque, Schütz combined Renaissance polyphony (independent voices of equal importance) with the harmonic accompanied melody of Bach's era.

This is all about structure and little about Schütz's music. Most of his work that survives is for the voice, and most of that is liturgical—and perhaps the last music which reflected a universal *Geist* of Europe, rather than the rival musical nationalisms of Germany and Italy. In *Symphoniae Sacrae II*, 14 concertos for voices and instruments, Schütz's script is in Scripture, and he sings praise not only of the Lord, but also of a full life in the spirit of God. This is a God Who knows sorrow but also laughter and the blessings of life—Whose gift to every man is that he can love and be faithful to God, and that he "eat and drink and enjoy the good of his labor" without vanity or lies. Roland Wilson leads the Musica Fiata and the Capella Ducale in this fine recording (Sony S2K 68261).

■ I offer for comparison the music for the theater of two periods: Ben Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, music compiled from Elizabethan sources, as performed by Philip Pickett and the musicians of the Globe, the restored theater of Shakespeare's day (Philips 44 217-2)—and *The Life*, the original Broadway cast recording of a recent musical, music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman (Sony SK 63312).

The first tells us joyously and with lilting melody what the theater was like in London when Francis Drake sailed out to destroy Philip of Spain's Armada. The second signals the death of America's great contribution to theater—musical comedy. What George and Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and Rodgers and Hart gave us in sparkling song and vivid lyric has been replaced by routine big-band swing riffs, with nothing of the wit and sentiment of the past. The trend was begun by Leonard Bernstein's attempt to give the musical comedy *faux* class, to which others have contributed tunelessness. Perhaps the musical comedy will revive, but it will do so only if the great slaughterer, television, which drove music and mirth from the airways, lies down and dies. □

Mr. Toledano's most recent book is Notes from the Underground: The Whittaker Chambers–Ralph de Toledano Letters, 1949–1960 *(Regnery).*

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MEMORANDUM

To: All *NR* Classified Advertisers
From: Tony Savage

One of the most pleasant perks of my position at *NR* is the annual opportunity to write this little valentine to all of you who have advertised in these pages during the past year. Because *NR*'s loyal readers are very much like an extended family, it's especially fitting, during this season of joy and gratitude, to attempt to make contact, however tangentially, with that family. I have met, personally, very few of you over the years, but I have endeavored, via the telephone, and with my little handwritten notes, to develop and sustain a relationship with each of you—a relationship centered, of course, primarily on "business," but a relationship that also encompasses the "personal" aspect, which always, in my experience, makes doing business so much more pleasurable. And it was for me, in every single instance, a true pleasure doing business with each and every one of you who made the Right Choice in 1997, i.e., the decision to advertise your goods or services in NATIONAL REVIEW.

This section of the magazine is, after all, devoted to one of the purest concepts of the free market: a forum to bring together willing sellers and willing buyers. Accordingly, I sincerely hope that the various transactions initiated by these pages were beneficial to all parties involved. Full disclosure-wise, my only regret is that there aren't more of you! Let's work on that in 1998. . . .

Meanwhile, thank you again, and I wish you all a wonderful holiday season, and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year.

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BSAILER & SEILER

(Continued from page 46)

gap offers new perspectives on a host of current issues seemingly far removed from athletics, such as women in the military. Ironically, feminists in sports have successfully campaigned for the funding of thousands of sexually segregated female-only teams, while feminists in the media and Congress have compelled the Armed Forces (outside of the defiant Marines) to sexually integrate basic training and many operating units, including some combat teams.

Who's right? Female college coaches have some powerful reasons for believing that co-ed competition (or even co-ed practices)would badly damage their mission of turning girls into strong, take-charge women. For example, they fear that female athletes would inevitably be sexually harassed. Even more distracting than the unwanted sexual advances from male teammates, however, would be the wanted ones. This opinion is based on more than just lesbian jealousy: research on single-sex v. co-ed schools shows that teenage girls are more likely to develop into leaders in all-female groups, whereas in co-ed settings young females tend to compete with each other in coyly deferring to good-looking guys. Yet feminists utterly forget to apply their own hard-earned wisdom to the Armed Forces: on the whole, deploying young women in cramped quarters alongside young fighting men does not make the women into better warriors, it makes them into mothers. For example, the Washington Times reports that for every year a co-ed warship is at sea, the Navy has to airlift out 16 per cent of the female sailors as their pregnancies become advanced.

Reorganizing the military along the lines of the sexually segregated teams found in present-day college sports will do much both to use the potential of women in uniform more fully and to quell the endless sexual brouhahas currently bedeviling our co-ed military. Yet the crucial issue remains: Should women fight? The main justification feminists give for turning the military co-ed is that lack of combat experience unfairly hampers female officers' chances for promotion.

We can again turn for guidance to female coaches. The main reason they favor sexual apartheid on the playing fields is that in open competition males would slaughter females. It seems reasonable to conclude the same would happen on the battlefields. This may sound alarmist. After all, running's gender gap is a rather marginal-sounding 1/8th; surely, many women are faster than the average man, and, by the same logic, many would make better soldiers.

First, though, as economists have long pointed out, competition occurs at the margins: runners don't race against the average Joe, but against other runners. And soldiers fight other soldiers. Second, while the moderate width of track's gender gap is representative of many simple sports that test primarily a single physical skill (the main exceptions are tests of total body strength like shot-putting, where the top men are as much as twice as strong as the top women), in free-flowing multidimensional sports like basketball, where many skills must be combined, overall gender gaps tend to be so imposing that after puberty females almost never compete with males. Consider what traits help just in enabling you to dunk a basketball: height, vertical leaping ability, foot speed (to generate horizontal momentum that can be diverted into vertical liftoff), and hand size and strength (to dunk one-handed). Not one of these five individual gender gaps is enormous, but they combine to create a huge difference in results: almost everybody in the NBA can dunk, compared to almost nobody in the WNBA. Basketball, however, is far more than slam and jam. Throw in the need for massiveness and upper body strength in rebounding and defense, wrist strength in jumpshooting, etc., and multiply all these male advantages together, and the resulting gender gap in basketball ability is so vast that despite the WNBA's state-of-the-art marketing, its actual product resembles an all-white high-school boys' game from a few decades ago.

Although the ease of our Gulf War victory encouraged the fantasy that technology has made fighting almost effortless, the chaos of combat will continue to demand a wide diversity of both physical aptitudes (like being able to hump a load of depleted-uranium ammunition) and mental attitudes (like the will to kill) that interact to create a huge gender gap in fighting ability.

While in theory it might be nice if we could accommodate ambitious female officers' need for combat experience by negotiating with our enemies during wars to set up separate all-female battles between our Amazon units and their Amazon units, this is where the analogy with sports finally breaks down: opponents in war don't have to play by the rules—meaning that our women would inevitably be defeated, captured, raped, and killed. Still, if (as, in effect, so many feminists insist) female officers' right to equal promotion opportunities requires that they be furnished with female cannon fodder, there is one proven formula for narrowing the gender gap so as to give our enlisted women more of a fighting chance. Feminist logic implies that just as our military once imported ex-Nazi rocket scientists, it should now import ex-Communist steroid pushers.□

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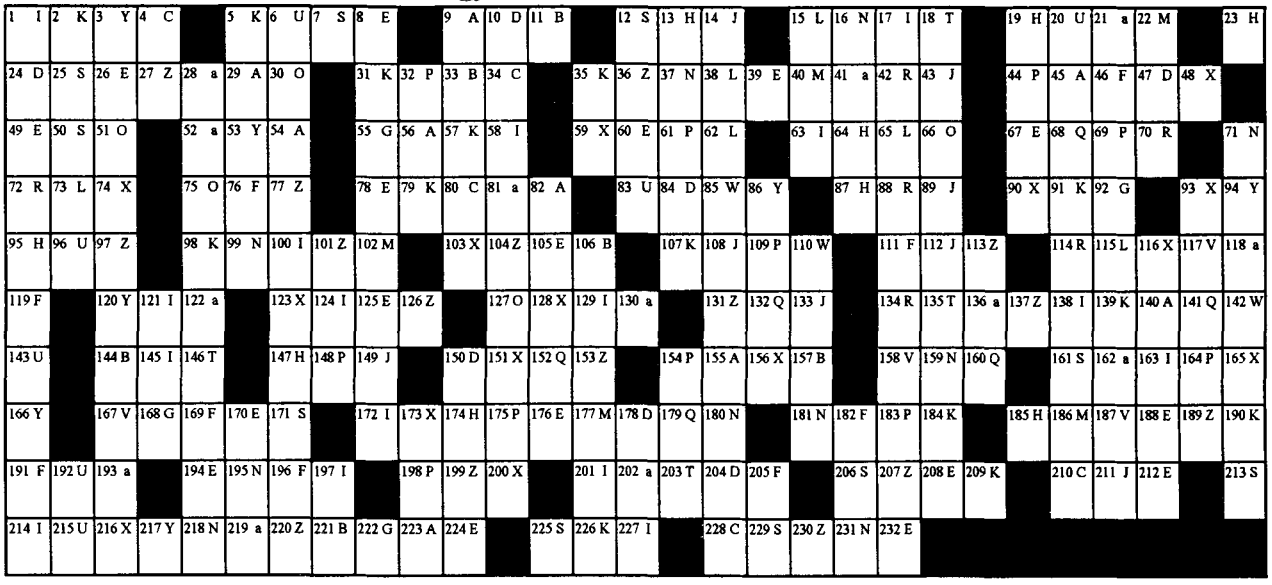
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. They were first to hear the angels sing — 9 56 29 140 155 82 45 54 223

B. When God the heart doth try, 'tis faith supplies _____ (2 words) — 33 144 221 11 106 157

C. Israelites' exclamation at bread from heaven (2 words, Heb., "What is it?") — 228 210 4 34 80

D. What one hangs on the door at Christmas (2 words) — 10 150 178 24 47 204 84

E. What the Wise Men came to worship (4 words) — 105 78 39 60 26 125 8 67 232 170 208 / 212 49 224 176 194 188

F. Beateth the chaff from the grain — 191 76 119 169 205 111 46 196 182

G. Moses' tablets were ___ from Sinai's rock — 168 92 55 222

H. One of four great heads issuing from Eden's river — 174 95 185 13 23 147 19 64 87

I. "_____ the wise men saw the star in heaven springing" (3 words) — 129 100 172 138 1 197 58 227 163 214 145 / 121 201 17 63 124

J. Occasion for our Lord's first public miracle (2 words) — 108 89 14 149 133 112 211 43

K. Santa's route to your living room (3 words) — 209 79 31 190 5 91 35 98 2 139 107 / 226 57 184

L. Mollusk prized for Christmas stews and stuffings — 115 62 15 73 38 65

M. Like Santa's cheeks — 186 177 40 102 22

N. Mystery of Iniquity, Man of Sin — 159 195 16 71 37 99 231 218 180 181

O. Christmas cuddler of the ursine variety — 75 66 127 30 51

P. Where worshippers found Def. E (3 words) — 32 164 154 198 183 69 175 148 44 61 109

Q. Though oppressed and afflicted Jesus "_____ not his mouth." — 68 141 152 132 179 160

R. Regenerate sinner (2 words) — 72 70 134 114 88 42

S. "Behold, I bring you good tidings _____" (3 words) — 50 213 206 171 7 225 12 25 161 229

T. "And the earth was without _____ and void" — 203 135 18 146

U. David preferred to fall "into _____ of the Lord" (2 words) — 83 20 192 6 215 96 143

V. Father of the Hittites — 117 187 167 158

W. Window of the soul — 85 110 142

X. All I want for Christmas (4 words) — 200 93 116 103 128 123 173 74 216 59 48 / 156 165 90 151

Y. Mary's probable conveyance to Bethlehem (2 words) — 120 166 94 53 217 3 86

Z. The Greater Doxology (3 words) — 97 101 207 230 199 131 104 153 189 36 220 / 77 126 137 27 113

a. Ritual worship form cultivated by the Shakers (2 words) — 202 219 81 162 41 136 21 193 122 52 130 / 28 118

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. VON MISES: *New Fables for Old*: "After having nullified the fable of the anointed kings, the liberals fell prey to no less illusory doctrines: to the irresistible power of reason, to the infallibility of the *volonté générale*, and to the divine inspiration of majorities."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Political Money: What For?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28

The Center for the Study of Responsive Politics seeks to do by public analysis what all those congressional committees struggle to do with batteries of investigators and lawyers and subpoenas and press releases. What the American people are interested in, or should be, is the extent to which government policy is for sale. The headline on the Center's report (taken from the *New York Times*) tells us, "'96 Campaign Costs Set Record at $2.2 Billion." The median expenditure for a House seat is $559,807, for a Senate seat, $3.5 million.

The most useful perspective on the matter of government and campaign spending is derived from the question: What is it that the government has to give away? If in November of last year the Congress of the United States had been meeting for its very first session, with the injunction no more complicated than to implement the terms of the Constitution, there would be lobbies, but not very strong lobbies. The frontier states wanting extra protection against the Indians would appeal to Washington. The Federal Government would be subject, most materially, to quarrels over how high tariff barriers should be. Over the next two hundred years, we got new laws, and many of those laws begot regulations. The result is that you need federal benignity if you want to build a house, start a business, hire an employee, write an insurance policy, buy a car, use a telephone, plant corn, buy medicine, or sue for defamation of character.

So who was the top donor in 1996? Take two seconds to guess . . . Right: Philip Morris. The tobacco giant has the most to win/lose depending on what Congress does. Congress can, *pace* the Supreme Court, declare tobacco to be a drug and forbid its sale. At the tenderest end of the line, Congress can add one penny in tax per pack. Philip Morris invested $4.2 million in the campaign, of which 29 per cent was given to Democratic candidates, 71 per cent to Republican candidates. Republicans are in power and deserve maximum stroking, and Republicans, who tend to be more permissive than Democrats, are more natural allies in libertarian goals.

The next-in-size givers, from second to ninth, were: unions, if loosely defined. They are Bolshevik-majority Democrats. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees gave 99 per cent to the Democrats; the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, 85; the National Education Association, 96; the Teamsters Union, 96; the Laborers Union, 93; the United Auto Workers, 99; the United Food and Commercial Workers, 99; and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, 98.

Two points spring to mind. The first is: How do grownups think they can conceal the plunders told here? Forty-four per cent of organized labor voted for Ronald Reagan, and we are asked to believe that only 4 per cent of the Teamsters Union is pro-Republican?

But mostly the eye sensitive to democratic culture asks: Why is it so important to win federal favor for these groups? What do they want? The trial lawyers want no federal limits on tort awards. The labor unions want all those things that contribute to union power: forced membership, uncompetitive pricing of federal projects, the deep-sixing of the *Beck* decision (which requires individual union members' authorization of any expenditure of their dues for political ends), protective tariffs, and, depending on the union's leadership, a Left-ideological orientation of government.

Although the top givers are overwhelmingly Democratic in disposition, the largest sums of money raised were from corporations, by Republican-minded individuals and enterprises. The reasoning here is pretty obvious. A corporation has assets which are depreciated if the government engages in any of several activities: raising taxes, imposing fresh regulations, increasing the cost of labor. But of course the principal concern is the dependence of so many on the least whim of government.

What does Philip Morris expect, in return for its four million dollars distributed three-tenths to Democrats, seven-tenths to Republicans? It's not much money. Philip Morris probably spends more than that per year advertising in *Playboy*. What it wants is congressmen who will listen to its pleadings. This is fair enough, though in an ideal world you wouldn't need to contribute to a congressman's campaign in order to get a hearing.

From all of which one sadly deduces that one is not living in an ideal world. □

"You don't understand, Hartwell—the handshake was your Christmas bonus."

Re-creating Creation

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5

Last year, three-quarters of New Mexico voters supported an action taken by the state school board allowing teachers to include Creationism in science classes. The idea is general, and in several states the quarrel continues.

At Seton Hall University in New Jersey the question was publicly examined at two forums one day last week. The question: Should the curriculum in public schools admit books and teachers who believe that Creation is an intelligent assumption about how the world came into being?

Scholars arguing that Evolution is the last and the only word to account for the development of the organic world were, however, cautious about excluding Creation. The view of the scientific moderates can be roughly stated as: "Okay, we'll go along with you that 'God' did the Big Bang. But instantly upon doing so, He thundered out the word: 'Evolve!' And from that moment on, nature was on its own."

That position doesn't appease either the hard Evolution wing or the hard Creation wing. Richard Lewontin, a tough and renowned scholar from Harvard, will give no quarter. Surveying the problem of a public that insists that Creation should have a place in the curriculum of the schools, he has written that "the problem is to get them [us] to reject irrational and supernatural explanations of the world, the demons that exist only in their imaginations, and to accept a social and intellectual apparatus,

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Science, as the only begetter of truth." This strains such scientists as Michael Behe of Lehigh University, whose book *Darwin's Black Box* rejects Science as the only source of enlightened analysis. But Lewontin gives not an inch. "We exist as material beings in a material world, all of whose phenomena are the consequences of material relations among material entities."

Now this view places our school boards in a very difficult position. For one thing, if Creation is the creature of God, why should God just go away? Why isn't it possible that we are left with a God Who, e.g., by Judaeo–Christian belief, is capable of performing miracles? But of course these are not reconcilable with a Nature whose exclusive mandate is to Evolve.

So then, might the moderate schoolboard member argue that Evolution continues to be done as intelligent design? I mean—he might say—it's just too much to suppose that there is a materialist explanation for Shakespeare, Bach, and Einstein. But Phillip Johnson, the law professor at Berkeley who is the principal lay critic of Darwinism, reminds us that "for scientific materialists, materialism comes first; the science comes after."

Mr. Patrick Glynn, a Harvard PhD (in English, to be sure), has written an exciting little book called *God: The Evidence. The Reconciliation of Faith and Reason in a Postsecular World*. It is full of bright insights, graphically described, foremost of them concerning the increasing attention paid to what is called the "anthropic" view of the world. It says, briefly put, that you can't conceive the delicate balance of the various forces of nature except by asking, Why? Were it in any—minor—way different, human life would not be possible. That view tells us, then, that nature centers on—man. A huge retreat from the implications of Galileo, to say the least.

Mr. Glynn has great sport with the business about how a monkey, if left alone with a typewriter for an infinite length of time, would come up with the complete works of Shakespeare. Imagine a monkey, with a supervisor alongside to check his daily output. "Romeo," he might hit upon, in just that order, after a million years; but to go on to "Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"—would we call that "impossible"? No, Glynn says: but we'd call it a miracle. And if we permit ourselves to use such language as that, we are back in the divine soup, are we not? Which would seem to argue that the idea of the world's being as it is without an Intelligence as stage director is as difficult to believe as that our monkey could type out "Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall"—the first recorded line of Shakespeare.

After William Jennings Bryan debated evolution with Clarence Darrow, the articulate community pretty well concluded that the struggle was over. It isn't, and Creation is being re-created. □

Jorge Mas Canosa, RIP

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2

Last week the most prominent Cuban refugee died at 58, and it is likely that, after a decent interval, his special strain of anti-Castro politics will go with him. Jorge Mas Canosa was an unyielding enemy of Fidel Castro. Mas (that is his proper surname, under Spanish usage) went briefly to college in North Carolina, returned to Cuba, where his father was a veterinarian, pitched into anti-Castro activity, fled the country in 1960, and went to work in Miami. There he did blue-collar jobs, working as a milkman, stevedore, and shoe salesman, and was an individual voice in the anti-Castro chorus of a swelling body of Cuban-Americans. Some years later he was the head of a $475-million telecommunications company and head also of the Cuban-American National Foundation. In that capacity he backed every conceivable anti-Castro measure ever developed, although conceivably he didn't know about, or didn't back, that one of the Kennedys' ventures that called for destroying Castro by having one of his cigars explode.

By all accounts Señor Mas was a prickly gentleman. He was imperious in manner and unrelenting in seeking what he sought. The obituarist for the *New York Times* wrote that he "repeatedly questioned the patriotism of those who disagreed with him and threatened in some cases to ruin their lives or careers." The *Washington Times* modified this charge: ". . . a separate investigation by the State Department's inspector general said there was no evidence he [Mas] arranged reprisals against staffers who disagreed with him." But there isn't any arguing on the first point: anyone who disagreed with him on the imperative of unseating Castro was a defective patriot.

One recalls that the description above almost exactly characterizes the behavior and manner of Charles de Gaulle after the fall of France in 1940. General de Gaulle had only the single objective, which was the liberation of France. His manners were so abrupt and his demands so adamant as to cause Winston Churchill to reflect that many people had crosses to bear, but that his special burden was "the Cross of Lorraine." It is arresting to wonder what would be the memory of Charles de Gaulle if the Nazis, like the Communists in Cuba, had stayed in power 38 years, causing the large community of fatalists to shrink from de Gaulle as that grumpy old general who wants us to boycott French commerce.

Mr. Mas was the spearhead of the Helms–Burton Act, which holds legally responsible anyone who transacts commerce that originated in property in Cuba once owned by, and later confiscated from, Americans. Under the aspect of the heavens, that's a pretty good idea, to say that anybody who deals in stolen property is going to get into trouble with American law. But there is the problem that it does not seem to weaken Castro: nothing weakens Castro save mighty economic blows such as the end of Soviet subsidies on the close of the Cold War. With the death of Mas Canosa it is likely that Cuban-Americans will edge over toward the position that bluster isn't paying off. Mas egged on the Radio Martí enterprise, one part of which makes television transmissions to Havana—a bright idea, except that the jamming facilities of Fidel, as far as we know, have succeeded in shielding every Cuban with a television set from any shard of truth coming in from the United States.

There is a symbolic reciprocity in the whole scene: The decades-long campaign to unseat Castro fails, and Mas Canosa dies. But Mas's cause was strategically triumphant, if tactically a failure. Communism worldwide is dead. It skulks along in Havana, Hanoi, and Pyongyang.

We have diplomatic relations with Hanoi, and commercial traffic there is perfectly legal. The great architectural scaffolding of the anti-Castro cause is gone. Fidel is now simply one more power-mad, sadistic caudillo, not the Caribbean salient of a global threat to human freedom. The difference between him and the successors to Ho Chi Minh is that two million Cuban-Americans exercise an important political margin in two critical states, Florida and New Jersey.

The Cuban patriots encouraged and egged on by Jorge Mas Canosa will need to acknowledge that the anti-Castro case cannot convincingly survive the end of the worldwide Communist enterprise. It becomes, instead, a vendetta. Americans in general do well to despise Castro and his ways, but on the matter of liberty, J. Q. Adams was correct when he said that we are friends of it everywhere but custodians only of our own. Jorge Mas Canosa did everything he could while alive to bring down Castro. Maybe now he can rest in peace. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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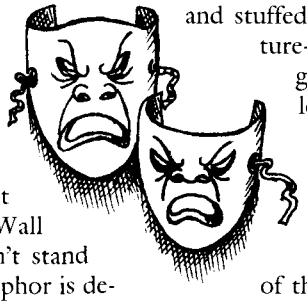
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

DEAR Gentle Readers: It's time for my Christmas letter. I just read all about how to write one in a family-holidays supplement that came in the newspaper. The key to success, it said, is to imagine an embroidery sampler and strive for the same upbeat tone. Okey-dokey, here we go: YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT IF YOU BUT TRY.

As always I spent the year yelling "Kill! Kill!" at TV and radio newscasts. What irritates me the most is the stun-gun metaphor. First introduced by Dan Rather in 1989 when he opened his story on the collapse of East Germany with "The Berlin Wall is still standing, but it doesn't stand for much," the stun-gun metaphor is designed to capture the fickle American attention span by making the audience wonder if they heard it right, and if so, what the hell does it mean?



So many newscasters have copied Rather's disjointed insouciance that we now hear dozens of jarring leads every day. An organ-transplant story kicks off with: "A girl who died is still living." Is a jury going to see a vital piece of evidence? If you put it that way it will make sense and no one will listen. To get everyone's undivided attention, start with "The Unabomber's cabin is on the move." If your next story is about a cat lady who got evicted, begin by saying "Moving is something Mrs. Mabel Pfunknagel is not about to do" before mentioning the 75 cats, the health-department citation, and the city in which the stand-off is taking place. Then you can segue into the latest story about John Berendt's book on Savannah, which contains people even odder than Mrs. Pfunknagel. This is how the networks promote "connectedness"—meaning that we are all links in a common chain of humanity going nowhere except mad from listening to news about houses with feet.

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

I did a print-division "Kill! Kill!" on reading Kelly Flinn's book excerpt in *Newsweek*. After smashing all her framed awards, her framed Air Force Academy diploma, and framed pictures of all the planes she flew, she says, "I curled up in a fetal position, holding a stuffed elephant . . . " The next day, "The house was still full of glass, and I was still holding my elephant."

What is it with the New Woman and stuffed animals? Check out feature-story photos of teenage girls in their rooms, college girls in dorms, and Gen-X careerists in their apartments and there is always at least one teddy bear in sight, more often whole slews of them lined up on the bed.

To my generation of women, who collected transparent black negligees, this regressive mountain of button-eyed fur is incomprehensible. The Kelly Flinns of the Nineties might have hyperactive sex lives but there isn't a femme fatale among them. What do they do with their teddy bears during assignations? Hide them before he comes over? Wait and let him help move them? Since the New Woman usually sleeps with the New Man, maybe they all pile in together in one big vulnerable heap. The subject cries out for a *Cosmopolitan* article: "Should You Tell Him About Pooky?"

Now to my Gentle Reader Awards. The prize for Most Interesting Letter of 1997 goes to a retired merchant seaman who explained how all the men on the *Titanic* might have been saved. Permitting each man to wear a life jacket was, he wrote, a waste of life jackets. If Captain Smith had been as calm and British as legend claims, he would have ordered the crew to construct rafts from life jackets and oars, something taught in basic seamanship that all of the crew would have known how to do, and that would have taken them only minutes. I had never heard of this before but the common sense of it overwhelmed me.

The prize for Nastiest Letter of 1997 goes to the goodwife who took umbrage at my anti-Promise Keepers column. Her letter opened with "Dear Citified Person" and consisted of two pages of questions such as "Have you ever milked a cow? Slopped hogs? Helped with the butchering? Cleaned out a barnyard?"

Of course not. I don't know any Episcopalian who has. Her letter had less to do with Promise Keepers than with cramming conservatism into the narrow end of a populist funnel, a homey task helped along by Republican politicians who run around in workshirts and fall into public ecstasies over pick-up trucks. But not all politicians cater to the Common Man. When Randolph Churchill, son of Sir Winston, ran for Parliament, he was heckled by a farmer who took the same tack as my correspondent. "How many toes has a pig?" challenged the farmer. Whereupon Randolph shot back: "Take off your bloody boots and count!"

The Craziest Letter of 1997 was not a letter but a brochure from E.T.H.I.C., "End the Horror of Infant Circumcision." I read it in a typical nightowl interlude at 3 A.M. after washing my hair. All was calm until I came to the statement that circumcision robs men "of what would, if left alone, eventually become approximately 15 square inches of erogenous and protective tissue."

Math and I don't mix. I learned square footage in school, but only long enough to pass the exam, after which it went completely out of my head. Fifteen inches? No, no, it couldn't be, but what was a square inch? I was so transfixed by mental pictures of a Scotsman's sporran that I couldn't think.

Suddenly I remembered that Home Depot had run a tile-sale ad with a measuring chart in the paper that week. My papers were in the recycling box out at the curb, but no matter. Unmindful of the hour, unmindful that I was wearing half of an old pair of pantyhose as a stocking cap to batten down my cowlicks, I crept downstairs and into the night.

After much rummaging I finally found the ad and crept back inside, noiselessly so as not to disturb my neighbors. Unknown to me, however, the morning-paper courier had slipped in behind me and was coming down the stairs as I tiptoed in.

"Jesus!" he gasped, flattening against the wall.

Black negligees or stocking caps, I still get a rise out of men. □

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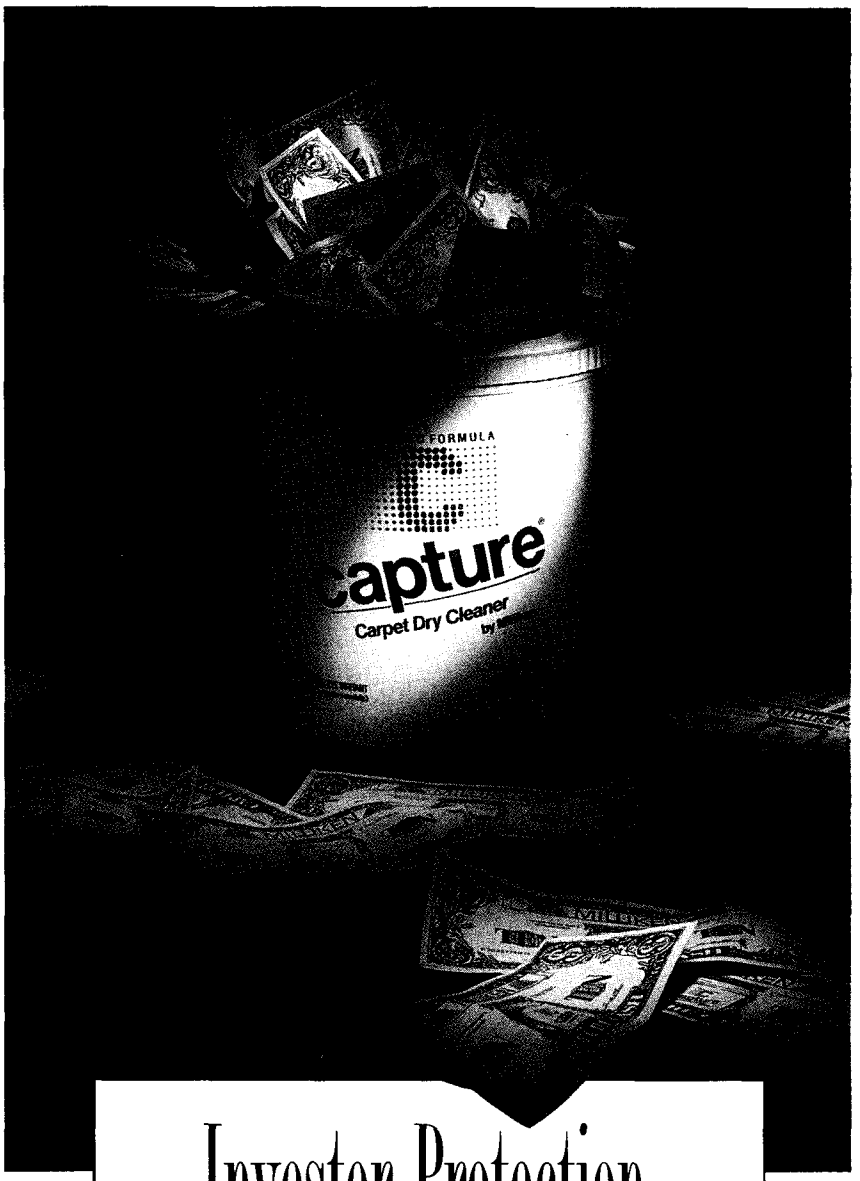
MILLIKEN



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THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS[illegible]DITH LEIBER.

POU[illegible]SOMETHING P[illegible]

Bombay ®Sapphire™Gin 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof). 100% neutral spirits. ©1997 Carillon Imp[illegible]

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